

CITY SONGS
AND
COUNTRY CAROLS
BY
THOMAS F. PORTER





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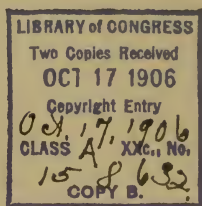
City Songs and Country Carols

By Thomas F. Porter



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NOT HIS

The words a poet speaks are not his words,
Else in them would the world take small delight,
But syllables of meadows, hills and birds —
The language of the morning, noon and night.

Not his thoughts only does the poet think,—
By reading others' minds, they too have part;
By his revealing, each may be a link,
In joy or sorrow, to bind heart to heart.

All dreams a poet dreams are not his own—
They visit him when he in slumber lies,
To help him point the way unto some throne
To which another soul may dare to rise.

So, poet, speak and dream and calmly think!
Your eyes turn inward, yet look forth afar,
That thro' you we may reach at least the brink
Of knowing what life is, and what we are.

WHAT WILL WIN THE WORLD

If in your heart two songs you find,
Some morn, at rise of sun,
One sad, one gay, and have in mind
To sing the world but one,
Ah, do not hesitate, I pray,
What course you should pursue,
For if you sing the song that's gay,
You win the world to you.

But if, perchance, you half decide
The sad song you should sing,
Let me to you this much confide:
You do an unwise thing.

For it has been believed so long,
And time has proved it true,
That if you sing too sad a song
You drive the world from you.

THE WILL IS MORE THAN HALF THE MAN

The claim I make is strong and bold,
And yet disprove the same who can,
Whether of big or little mold,
The will is more than half the man.

The men who scale the heights of fame,
Leaving the aimless throng below,
And chisel there a deathless name,
Are those alone who will it so.

Whoever turns the written page
To see by what mysterious skill
Men stamp themselves upon their age,
Will find that it is force of will.

Why idly prate that fortune, luck,
Aids men some great work to fulfill?
Away with this; blind guides! 'Tis pluck,
Determination, courage, will.

Luck does not guide the artist's hand
To paint those forms which live for aye,
Nor cause the sculptor's work to stand,
Deathless in marble, bronze or clay.

Luck never made a martyr strong
To suffer for the truth and right,
Luck never wrote a deathless song,
Or armed a chieftain for the fight.

The claim I make is strong and bold.
And yet disprove the same who can,
Whether of big or little mold,
The will is more than half the man.

WHEN WE TURN OUR OFFICE KEY

The day brings cares to you and me,
As both of us quite often find;
So, when we turn our office key,
We ought to leave them all behind.

For if they vex us all day long,
Our minds distract, our hands make thin,
We do ourselves a cruel wrong,
Unless we simply lock them in.

Or if they do not harm us much,
When we are strong and day is bright,
They at our very vitals clutch.
When we are tired and worn at night.

E'en when the hour for rest draws near,
The time for quiet, peaceful sleep,
In shapes unwelcome they appear,
Or ghost-like 'round our pillows creep.

Then, since they love not you nor me,
And we can ne'er their favor win,
Nights, when we turn our office key,
We'd better safely lock them in.

LITTLE FEET ACROSS THE FLOOR

I hear the sound of little feet
Above my head, upstairs, tonight,
Which makes my evening hour sweet
And fills me with a strange delight.

Go, little feet, across the floor!
Tho' some might deem your sport as noise;
It takes me back to days of yore
And brings again departed joys.

Go, little feet, across the floor!
Turn back, and cross, and cross again,
Nor yet your pleasant sport give o'er;
From out my heart you drive the pain.

Go, little feet, across the floor!
Your noise I have with music classed;
Your footsteps open memory's door,
And bring me back a happy past.

YOURSELF WITH THIS STRONG WEAPON ARM

Today my boy goes out from me,
And, tho' half glad, still comes a sigh;
I fear he is too pure to see
The pitfalls that about him lie.

The dear old home today he leaves,
As most boys will, as most boys should;
Tho' pleased I seem, yet my heart grieves,
For he has always been so good.

I have not sight to trace the way
His feet will travel, far or near;
And tho' consenting, feel today
Within my eyes a gathering tear.

Yet I can only hope this much,
Whenever tempted, day or night,
Home's influence his heart will touch
And keep him in the path of right.

My precious boy, goodby, adieu!
Yourself with this strong weapon arm —
To self and mother e'er be true
And naught on earth your soul can harm.

MEMORIES

He halts on the steps of his dwelling,
O'er which he once went with a bound;
And, when he finds courage to enter,
His sadness and grief are profound.
The smile that once cheered him has vanished,
The place does not seem as of old;
A chair at his fireside is empty,
His hearthstone is cheerless and cold.

He visits each room and apartment
Her presence and smile used to grace;
He stands near the stairway, still longing
To catch but one glimpse of her face.
He calls her by names of affection
He learned in the years hurried by,
But, back through the gloom and the darkness,
There comes not a word of reply.

He looks o'er her dresses, her jewels,
The gems that she wore when a bride,
The chain with the charm and the locket,
The ring with their names cut inside;
He weeps o'er her laces, her picture,
Till darkness and gloom fill the air,
And the clock tells the hour of midnight,
And his heart nearly breaks in despair.

At last, in his arm-chair, o'er weary,
His eyes past all knowledge of sight,
He reclines, till the newcoming morrow
Throws over his face its sunlight.

The blackness of night has departed,
But not so his heart's deepest pain,
But, for him she has left in his keeping,
He takes up life's burdens again.

Ah, mystery of mysteries profoundest —
This passing away in a sleep,
From which the bright eyes ne'er reopen,
No matter how loved ones may weep.
But be this the hope of the future —
When heaven's bright portals are gained,
This wonderful mystery of mysteries,
In goodness may all be explained.

HOW STRANGE IT SEEMS

How strange it seems when, in the morn, I wake
And go the parlor and the hallway through,
E'en to the sitting room a visit make,
And find not you!

How strange to at the table take my place,
And, seated in the old, familiar chair,
To look across and see not the dear face
That once was there.

It seems so strange for me to start away
To meet the duties that before me lie,
And hear no word from lips that used to say
Some sweet good-bye.

And when, at last, the long day's task is o'er,
And night across the sky her veil has drawn,
How strange it seems, on opening the door,
To find you gone.

BROKEN IDOLS

What tho' my neighbors think my income good,
And that I have an average share of pleasure,
How many things I would change, if I could,
To bring them up to youth's o'er-hopeful
measure.

What tho' the carpet, on the parlor floor,
Is rich enough in warp and woof and border,
And that the curtains, o'er my chamber door,
Are hung in stately and refining order?

What tho' the pictures, that adorn the walls,
The inner life to noble thoughts awaken,
And from my grand piano music falls
When twilight shades the day's glare have o'er-
taken?

What tho' the books, which lie in every room,
Would yield the owner many a shining dollar,
Since on each leaf thoughts richly bud and bloom
Which well might please a poet, sage or schol-
ar?

What tho' the tidies, on my easy chair,
Were deftly wrought by hands both true and
tender,
And, in the hallway, statues rich and rare
Add to my habitation's worth and splendor?

What tho' some laughter mingles with my talk?
Oftimes within there is a secret sighing,
Because I stumble, when alone I walk,
O'er broken idols in the great room lying.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE

Back from the road, a little way,
The dear old farm house stands ;
It bears the touch of dark decay
From time's unpitying hands.
The shingles on the long, wide roof
Are nearly black in hue,
But held there, as a living proof
That good hands laid them true.

Tall is the chimney, huge in size,
Where smoke-stains you may trace,
Which no fierce gale can e'er surprise
Or force from out its place.
The windows, and the window panes,
Are neither large nor few,
About which coursed for years the rains,
And many eyes looked through.

Sunshine and shadow 'round it play
From early morn till night ;
And now, as seen 'neath moonlight's ray,
My heart thrills at the sight.
The flowers that blossom 'round the door
Their fragrances unfold,
And smile across the old porch floor,
Just as they did of old.

The mighty elms, whose fair leaves form
A beauty of their own,
Still stand to shield it from the storm,
And nearer heaven have grown.
The kitchen floor is snowy white,
And peace seems everywhere,
Just as it did that happy night
I first found shelter there.

Altho' the years their changes show,
And old-time beauties stay,
My heart must still the sorrow know—
One light has passed away:
I turn my longing eyes in vain,
One loving face to see —
I ne'er shall look upon again —
Who once was all to me.

About the dear old homestead still
Will linger memories sweet;
A tryst is there, that brings heart-thrill,
Where in my dreams we meet.
So, if about the old farm place
There seem no changes great,
The absence of that one loved face
Makes all else desolate.

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE

How I shall miss, against the pane,
The face with eyes of blue,
Surrounded by the soft brown hair
The sun loved to shine through;
And, though the memory of her smile
My future years should grace,
When by the house I ride or walk,
How I shall miss her face!

The house will stand the same as now;
The window will remain;
The winter's snow with it will play,
As will the summer's rain;
And, though upon the window pane
The sun his beams will pour,
The face that flooded it with light
Mine eyes will see no more.

I watched that face, with cheeks once red
As any flowers that grow,
Until, as passed the weary months,
It grew as white as snow;
And though, when I to her sent flowers,
Her cheeks would color gain,
The blushes did not long remain,
So they grew pale again.

And so the sweet face paled and paled;
Until, one starless night,
It grew so very worn and thin,
It faded from our sight;
And she, dear child, with noiseless feet
The silent vale passed through,
And now I have no little girl
To send sweet flowers to.

MY NEIGHBOR'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

I see her almost every day
In her neat dress of spotless white;
And, as she trips across the way,
I greet her with delight.

Her head is crowned with soft light curls,
While brightly shine her hazel eyes;
And she looks sweet as many girls
Of greater age and size.

A melody springs from the tread
Of her two cunning little feet;
And, as her cheeks are plump and red,
I know they must be sweet.

A flower between her finger tips
She often brings for me to view,
And this I hear from her pure lips —
"I picked this one for you."

Whate'er at noontide or at morn,
Of good or ill, life's hours impart,
At twilight, by the rose-fringed lawn,
Her smile still cheers my heart.

And, O! she has so many charms
For such a tiny human speck;
But, best of all, her little arms
Can just reach 'round my neck.

Whichever way fate turns my face,
Toward mountain high, or lake or sea,
Within my heart will be a place
For memories of thee.

ROCKING LIFE'S TROUBLES AWAY

Aunt Hannah Delaney, who lived years ago,
And whom 'twas my pleasure to lovingly know,
Though never addicted to powders and pills,
A remedy had for the most of life's ills.
'Twas this: she would sit, at the close of the day,
In a little low chair, and would rock them away.

That little old rocker, how well I recall;
The seat was quite broad and the back rather tall,
Both padded with cushions, made by her own
hands,
And tied to the chair with bright ribbon bands,
With which the house cat loved so dearly to play,
While Hannah sat rocking life's troubles away.

Should the cares of the day her happiness spoil,
Should her husband come home out of sorts from
his toil,
The children be fretful and peevish and bad,
And other things mingle to make her heart sad,
When evening came on, whether winter or May,
She quietly rocked all her troubles away.

When neighbors near by felt a little inclined
To say things to trouble the peace of her mind,
No matter how much through the day she was
vexed,
At night full forgiveness for all was her text;
Nor the rule to forget did she e'er disobey,
While quietly rocking life's troubles away.

How plain I can see her tonight in her chair, —
A white cap on her head, the frost in her hair,
A shawl o'er her shoulders that left her hands
free,
As she knitted away as fast as could be,
While the glow on her face had a heavenly ray,
As she sat there a rocking life's troubles away.

No matter what came, and no matter what went,
Whate'er to annoy her the day might invent,
Throughout the long years this had been her be-
lief, —
'The lone evening hours would bring her relief.
And so, when the darkness without held full
sway,
The care from her heart she would rock all away.

O, how often I wish, when bowed down 'neath
some smart,
When weary in body and broken in heart,
I could feel that the evening was waiting for me,
My mind from all sorrow and care to set free,
That I, too, like her at the close of the day,
Might quietly rock all my troubles away.

THE WORLD HAS TROUBLES OF ITS OWN

Why waste your time in foolish tears —
What is the use to sigh and moan?
Pour not your ills in other's ears! —
The world has troubles of its own.

What is the use to grieve and weep,
Thro' other's lives to send a groan?
'Twere best to self one's grief to keep;
The world has troubles of its own.

Of course 'tis sad, e'en at the best,
For one to have to weep alone;
But then your case is like the rest,
For all have troubles of their own.

If you must weep, go weep awhile,
Until your troubles all have flown;
Then change your teardrops to a smile;
The world has troubles of its own.

AN OLD FARMER'S PHILOSOPHY

Well, yes; I am a farmer, sir. You know that
by my looks;
The little learnin' that I have was not obtained
from books.
Book-learnin's good for city folks; but, sir, I am
afraid
It would not help me very much when I my oxen
trade.

What tho' I don't use classic words, or pleasing
ways possess,
That does not make my 'tater patch yield me one
'tater less;
An', if I knew all that's been wrote since the
creation's morn,
How many kernels do you think 'twould add unto
my corn?

You say you sleep an' eat by rule. Well, sir,
come home with me,
An' for each slice of ham you'll eat, I will take
care of three;

An' what you eat don't help you much, for, if
I've rightly guessed,
You haven't any room for ham, for ham you
can't digest.

What great use is your learnin', sir? How are
you by it blest?
The tailor made your shoulders broad an' padded
out your chest;
Your foot is very small indeed, you wear a gen-
teel shoe;
Well, friend, I can go out an' buy a pair as cheap
as you.

What if you know each star by name? That does
not make you strong;
Your looks show you are needin' rest — I sleep
the whole night long.
You dose yourself the twelve months round with
powders an' with pills —
My medicine comes down from heaven across
the grand old hills.

I work twelve solid hours a day, but that is no
disgrace;
I cannot speak for you, young man, but I am in
my place.
You say that I am green as grass? I'll say this
in reply:
Green is the color, all admit, most gracious to
the eye.

TIRED OF THE NOISE OF THE CITY

I'm tired of the noise of the city,
Its tumult and care and deceit;
I long for the peace of the meadows,
Where flowers bloom fragrant and sweet;

How vain is the smile of the many,
How empty the laugh of the throng;
I long to commune with great nature
And list once again to her song.

How worthless the glare of the tinsel,
How empty the bubble of show;
How senseless the studied expressions
That flatt'ers are wont to bestow!
While nature deals with us so nobly,
Without the veneerings of art,
The welcome she gives us is honest —
She speaks to each one from her heart.

What is there in pomp and in power
So many possess to abuse?
The one stirs the envy of pygmies;
The other, let him who will choose.
I fly from the city's great clamor,
Where men use deception to please,
And lay my head down on the hillside
To rest and to dream 'neath the trees.

COME OUT OF DOORS.

Come out of doors, the day invites,
In moving strains the air implores;
Come out and see the mystic rites
Nature performs here, out of doors.

Come out of doors, where grasses spring
And flowers bloom to please the eye;
List to the birds, that chirp and sing
As they go winging thro' the sky.

Come out of doors, where fields are wide,
Up to the hilltops rise and stand;
Your little self in vastness hide,
While Nature holds you by the hand.

Come out of doors, where there is space;
The city's street with tumult wars;
Nature would meet you face to face,
Here, where 'tis peaceful, out of doors.

THE COUNTRY WILL OUTLIVE THE TOWN

Come to the woods! Forget the street
Where traffic's noisy wheels are heard,
And with those soul-inspirers meet —
The murmuring pine and singing bird.

Let us forget the lines of care
That on our faces deeply press,
And breathe awhile the perfect air
That longs to make our troubles less.

What means this endless toil and strife,
The wish to seek and win and hold?
There is a better, grander life
Outside of titles and of gold.

Tho' men may study to deceive,
And to their aid call every art —
Great Nature loves alone to weave
Her truths around the trusting heart.

When piles of brick in ruins lie,
And wealth and power are both laid low;
In valley sweet, on hilltop high,
The grass, the flowers, the trees will grow.

Men may tear down the forest fair
To build themselves a fleeting crown;
But, 'neath great Nature's fostering care,
The country will outlive the town.

When our weak hands shall cease to strive,
And from our grasp all power has past,
Nature, her heart with love alive,
Will take us to herself at last.

THE SHADY SIDE

She lives upon the sunny side,
Where shadows seldom stray;
And 'round her door sweet flowers hide
Their blossoms night and day.
Her home sends forth a cheerful ray,
And all around seems bright
And radiant as a holiday,
With sunshine and delight.

Her wants are lavishly supplied
With each returning morn,
And every whim is gratified
That could a life adorn.
Today she may go there or here —
Tomorrow walk or ride;
And thro' the hours of all the year,
Live on life's sunny side.

Her home is not so unlike mine —
Only a change or two —
And, tho' 'round mine some sunbeams shine,
I have the shadows too.
The way is not so very far
That does our homes divide,
Yet she lives where the sunbeams are —
I on the shady side.

CLOSED

The house is closed, the curtains drawn,
Dust gathers on the window panes;
No light creeps thro' the rooms at dawn,
And desolation reigns.

The walk is overrun with weeds,
The lawn is being trampled down;
A stray dog for admission pleads —
And she is out of town.

The news-man hurries by the door
With disappointment on his face;
The postman rings the bell no more,
Deserted is the place.

The house is standing there, 'tis true;
And tho' it seems deserted quite,
With hope the darkness I peer thro'
To see the evening light.

Little I seemed to think or care
The day she left, a while to roam;
But I'm so homesick, I declare
I wish she would come home.

BEREAVED

I rocked my baby boy to sleep
One day in rosy June,
Just as the stars came forth to peep
Playfully at the moon.
My faithful dog lay on the hearth,
And near me sat my wife,
Which made that hour to rank in worth
With the best of my life.

I kissed his lips in ecstasy,
His lips so soft and red,
And fancied that he looked like me
(He had his father's head);
And then I thought with joy my heart
Would be filled to the brim,
If I with much of self could part,
And so be more like him.

For e'er I laid him down to rest,
I watched his face a while,
When thro' his rich, red lips there pressed
A holy, happy smile,
Which proved no sin or thought of wrong
Dwelt in his youthful heart,
Unlike us older ones, called strong,
Whose smiles are chiefly art.

Today a sorrow broods o'er me
Greater than e'er before,
Because mine eyes shall never see
That darling baby more.
And yet I very frankly own
I should not be so sad
Because, tho' gone, that babe has grown
Into a thoughtful lad.

AWAY

I passed her house; the blinds were closed,
And in a web his genius spun
Across the door, a spider dozed,
And bathed him in the summer sun.

A sadness brooded 'round the trees;
Neglect left all about forlorn,
Because no bird-note thrilled the breeze,
And dust was gathering on the lawn.

The drooping flowers ceased to pour
Their fragrance out upon the air
As freely as in days of yore;
They seemed to miss her tender care.

The passing zephyrs failed to pause,
And 'round her chamber walls to play;
The only reason was because,
Like me, they knew she was away.

I wonder will she not return
Ere deeper grows the threatening gloom?
Then birds will all their songs relearn,
The lawn grow green, the flowers bloom,

The spider from his web move out,
The blinds be opened by her hand,
And house and lawn and all about
By sunshine's glorious arch be spanned.

THERE IS A HEART

There is a heart that dotes on you,
When days are short or days are long,
A heart that always deems you true,
And far too brave to do a wrong.

There is a heart that longs for you
However many may be near;
Whose thoughts your wandering ways pursue
Thro' all the phases of the year.

There is a heart that waits for you
With all the patience of the stars,
And naught you do, or fail to do,
Its trust and faith unbounded mars.

There is a heart that prays for you
In words sincere and void of art;
When nights are dark or skies are blue —
It is your dear old mother's heart.

"GLENWOOD," DANVERS

If you are tired of noise and heat,
And city life has lost its charm,
Come with me to that bless'd retreat
Known to loved hearts as "Glenwood Farm."

Sit 'neath the grand, majestic trees,
With symmetry and beauty rife,
And let the flower-scented breeze
Pour in your veins its own pure life.

Walk forth where cattle crown the hills,
And view the matchless scene around,
While music from the distant rills
Fills you with melody profound.

Ere yet 'tis noon, pause by the spring
Whose waters seem from Heaven to start,
And hear New England's song-birds sing
The notes that are unspoiled by art.

Pass down the crooked, stone-walled lane,
Where vines and squirrels love to run,
And view afar the fields of grain
Making obeisance to the sun.

As day is drawing to its close,
Draw near the spot where tall pines wave
Above the forms that there repose,
Who live again beyond the grave.

This need not the day's pleasure mar,
Or fill your spirit with alarm,
For thoughts may come to you from 'far,
To do you good instead of harm.

'Twill help recall one to your side
Who has passed death's dark mystery through,
Whose joy it was once to divide
The happiest scenes of life with you.

Feast from the fruit of stalk and vine,
The milk that's pure, the eggs fresh laid,
And health 'round weary forms will 'twine
That have from vigor's path been swayed.

When through the red gate, by the road,
Toward home you draw your horse's rein,
Life's burdens will seem less a load, —
You then feel young and strong again.

HARVEST

Another year has crowned the toil
Of active brain and willing hand,
And from the richness of the soil
The harvest comes to bless the land.

The faith, that moved the hand to sow
The seed at Springtime's early dawn,
Has seen the blade put forth and grow
Into the full ripe ear of corn.

And, while the farmer raised his grain,
'Mid summer's heat and rain and sun,
The merchant in his hope for gain
His share of profit, too, has won.

And when these classes both are blessed,
Tho' some win more and others less,
Plenty draws near to all the rest,
Whose patient toil deserves success.

Then let each aged heart rejoice,
And youthful tongues with songs be gay,
While all unite, in one loud voice
Of thanks, on our Thanksgiving day.

ON THIS THANKSGIVING DAY

Whate'er the year to us has brought,
Of sunshine or of cloud,
If we are glad in heart and thought
Or 'neath some sorrow bowed,

If we are suffering a wrong,
Or are our spirits gay,
Come, let us join in happy song
On this Thanksgiving day.

Few receive all for which they pray,
Yet all some blessings know
For which 'tis fitting, on this day,
Our gratitude to show.
Turn over leaves of bygone years,
We'll find there, hidd'n away,
More cause for gladness than for tears
On each Thanksgiving day.

This world of ours has ups and downs
For everyone that lives;
And, tho' on us at times it frowns
Its smiles it oftener gives.
Then let us all, both far and near,
Our best instincts obey,
And sing a song of happy cheer
On this Thanksgiving day.

But, if our souls are bowed and sad,
So that we cannot sing
A song whose every note is glad,
So it with joy will ring,
Then, tho' our eyes with tears are dim,
At least in praise we may
Sing, — tho' a less exultant hymn, —
On this Thanksgiving day.

WHEN FIXINGS ARE FIXED

When the fixings are fixed for our Thanksgiving
Day,
When the fowl have been killed that no longer
will lay,
When the turkey is stuffed as 'twas ne'er stuffed
before —

And which is to be eaten, though it eats no
more —

When the odor of luscious plum pudding invites,
With rare fruits, nuts and raisins, and other de-
lights,

Then, if I'm to be with you, fail not to supply,
When the fixings are fixed, an old-time pumpkin
pie.

When the fixings are fixed for the Thanksgiving
feast —

Among other things cranberries are not the
least —

When the table-cloth's spread with the nicest of
care,

And in its right place is each napkin and chair,
What each sauce shall contain ingeniously
planned,

When the old dinner bell has been placed near
at hand,

If 'tis not too much trouble with this comply,
Let us have, for a round-up, deep-dish pumpkin
pie!

When the fixings are fixed of which all may par-
take,

When the old and the young one glad company
make,

When the big table groans 'neath its festival
wealth,

And when each one may drink to another's best
health,

If I am to be with you on Thanksgiving Day,
When rich draughts of sweet cider our praises
repay,

When you're fixing the fixings, this plea don't de-
ny —

That you round up the feast with a big pumpkin
pie!

Such a one I would like as again will recall
The glad days when grandmother made pies for
us all ;
Even now I remember with unalloyed joy
The deep pies she baked for me when I was a
boy,
From the great yellow pumpkins I used to bring
in
By the stem, from my grandfather's well crowd-
ed bin.
Now dear grandmother's sleeping that long
dreamless sleep,
Whose good heart was too big not to make her
pies deep.
When the fixings are fixed for our Thanksgiving
Day,
When the fowl have been killed that no longer
will lay,
When the turkey is stuffed as 'twas ne'er stuffed
before —
And which is to be eaten, though it eats no
more —
When the odor of luscious plum pudding invites,
With rare fruit, nuts and raisins, and other de-
lights,
Then, if I'm to be with you, fail not to supply,
When the fixings are fixed, an old-time pumpkin
pie.

GRANDMA'S DRESSING

Whate'er amount of patient care
Our modern women take,
On ev'ry glad Thanksgiving Day,
The turkey well to bake ;
However full each passing hour,
They fill with dainties good,
No one the "dressing" can make taste
As dear old grandma could.

They may be up the night before
Until the hour is late,
Have ashes from the stove removed
And rust from off the grate;
They may with coal be well supplied
And handy have the wood,
But they the dressing cannot make
As dear old grandma could.

'Tis true the dear saint tried to teach
Her daughters how 'twas done,
And o'er the diff'rent points with them
A hundred times has run;
She told them not to nervous get,
And nothing good to waste,
And yet the main point they forget,
And leave out half the taste.

The cloth their loving fingers spread
Is beautiful to view,
The forks and knives are costlier far,
As is the crockery, too;
Silver may deck the damask rich,
The napkins faultless laid,
But ah! the dressing is not like
What dear old grandma made.

The ancient name by which 'twas called
Has vanished with the years,
And if one speaks of "stuffing" now,
It shocks our modern ears;
But, talk and argue as we may,
The art she understood,
While few could fill the bird as full
As dear old grandma could.

Around the table there is not
One seat, this year, to spare,
But who is there that would not rise
And give to her his chair?

And, tho' she has been sleeping long,
The memory ne'er can fade
Of her who loved us all so much
And such good dressing made.

INCH-THICK APPLE PIES

Long years ago, when but a lad,
And folks to me were good,
I used to call on other boys
In our small neighborhood;
And 'mong the scenes at this late day,
That oft before me rise,
Is Bobby Goodheart's mother's cot, —
And inch-thick apple pies.

No matter if the crop was short
And cooking apples high,
Bob's mother always had on hand
A very good supply;
And tho' no doubt in other ways
She often had to pinch,
Her juicy, well-browned apple pies,
In depth were just an inch.

How often on my way from school,
E'en when a little late,
I used to pause and chat with Bob
Beside her humble gate;
And when she oped the door and smiled —
A smile right from the heart —
It meant for me to follow Bob —
No effort on my part.

Her cottage was a modest one,
The chairs were old and plain,
But the big table where we ate
Will always rich remain;

And if no costly cloth was spread
To cover up the wood,
Those deep molasses apple pies
Would make a bad boy good.

Bob has become a business man,
But often when we meet —
Within a densely-crowded car,
Or on the busy street —
I take him warmly by the hand
And look into his eyes,
And close my lips and seem to taste
The flavor of those pies.

Bob's mother has got thro' with earth,
And gone beyond the skies,
Where it is said, that even boys
No longing have for pies;
But when Bob's time is up, and mine,
In this old world of sin,
If she sees us near heaven's gate,
Methinks she'll call us in.

THE BIBLE MOTHER USED TO READ

Among the books I prize and own
Is one that I hold doubly dear,
Nor can I e'er be quite alone
So long as that one book is near.

For, when so e'er to it I turn,
If stars shine forth, or lights burn low,
Somehow to me there will return
The one who read it long ago.

A light divine shines 'round the place,
That casts its beams to every nook;
And I behold again the face
Of her, who loved to read that book.

And if the night outside be drear,
And beats the storm against the pane,
I listen — and I seem to hear
The music of her voice again.

The years have left on it their stains,
The covers are defaced and old;
And yet that little book retains
For me a value more than gold.

So, whate'er changes time may bring,
As on toward her I daily speed,
I to that book will ever cling —
The Bible mother used to read.

TAKE THOU MY KISS AND SLEEP TILL DAY

Good night! The weary day is done;
The curtains of the night are drawn;
The stars shine forth where burned the sun;
Take thou my kiss, and rest till dawn.

The tumult of the day is o'er;
The time for peace and rest is born;
And, as you pass sleep's noiseless door,
Take thou my kiss, and sleep till morn.

The time for thought and care is past,
Thy head upon thy pillow lay,
Thine eyelids close secure and fast,
And take my kiss, and sleep till day.

And so good night, my child, my sweet!
Close up thy mind to sense and light,
Tomorrow we again shall meet;
Take thou thy mother's kiss, — good night!

SHE'S GETTING GRAY

She used to have such tresses dark and long,
Fit subject for a poet's praiseful song —
'They seemed to hold the shadows of the night,
E'en when the day was overcharged with light;
But now I hear her nearest neighbors say
 She's getting gray.

Around her ears, flushed with their pinkest hues,
Such lovely spots as beauty loves to choose,
Her long, dark tresses used to rise and float,
A striking contrast to her swan-like throat;
But time's white post has lately passed her way —
 She's getting gray.

From her fair forehead, high, yet often grave,
Backward her long rich tresses used to wave,
While in them dwelt that charm we find nowhere
But in the meshes of a woman's hair;
But time with fairest locks her pranks will
 play —
 She's getting gray.

O'er her dark locks how oft has passed her hand,
How oft the sunbeams played with each long
 strand,
How many a flower has yielded, with delight,
Its breath to tresses that will soon be white;
For e'en her dearest friends admit today
 She's getting gray.

Tho' beauteous still, no words can it disguise,
Because 'tis plain e'en to the friendliest eyes;
As I gaze on her hair once wondrous black,
How many mem'ries of the past come back!
Since I one lock have fondly laid away,
 Ere she grew gray.

NOT OLD

(A Son's Tribute To His Mother)

Where braids of brown hair used to rest,
Now waves of gray her brow enfold,
Yet none of all who know her best,
E'er speak of her as being old.

Though daughters for her health inquire,
And many sons her coming greet,
And though her cheeks have lost their fire
And bleached to white, they still are sweet.

Her hands that once were soft and round,
Although less nimble than they were,
In doing good deeds still are found,
Which seems but natural to her.

Although before her kindly eyes
A pair of spectacles appear,
Look not upon it with surprise;
Time has but made her sight more clear.

Although the sounds of many years
Her hearing may have dulled a mite,
Yet she each hour more keenly hears
The cry of sorrow, day or night.

Though not now, as in years gone by,
Her patient feet long journeys press,
They still are swift enough to fly
Where'er a soul is in distress.

Her heart a countless number cheers,
That seems each year new warmth to hold,
And though she has advanced in years,
'Twould not be true to call her old.

FOR MOTHER'S SAKE

How I shall miss you when from me you go,
Far out into the world your mark to make;
And yet, somehow, I feel within, and know,
You will be good and true, for mother's sake.

How I shall miss the light of your dear face,
The heart that would my counsel ask, and take
The good-night kiss, the gentle, fond embrace;
But then you will be brave, for mother's sake.

How much your songs and laughter I shall miss
When I at early morn from slumber wake,
But I shall be well satisfied of this —
You will be strong and brave, for mother's
sake.

Yes, I shall miss you, O, my boy, so much!
But this remember, that my heart would break
Should your dear hands things vile and evil
touch;
So heaven keep you good, for mother's sake!

HER BOY

Her boy may displease her, as soon as he's up,
By letting the house-cat drink out of his cup,
Before with his breakfast he wholly is through;
So many strange things he may thoughtlessly do.
She may give him a glance that partakes of a
frown,
And call him the very worst boy in the town;
But, when for the night he is washed and un-
dressed,
She will hug him and kiss him and call him the
best.

Before it is noon he may fall from his chair,
And fill her poor soul with the pangs of despair;
He may make such a clutter and clatter and
noise,
As to wholly unbalance her avoirdupois;
Then, if she should give him a glance that was
sad,
And think other boys were not nearly so bad,
When he round her neck has his little arms
thrown,
She thinks that the best boy on earth is her own.

As the day wears away his noise may increase,
And the poor woman feel that on earth is no
peace;
But, just as she feels as if going to die,
And gives from her heart a very deep sigh,
The sun in the west sets the heavens aflame,
He runs to her arms and calls her by name,
And asks in his crib for the night to be curled,
Then she knows that her boy is the best in the
world.

A MOTHER'S LIFE

I live beyond myself; I hold
That none should live for self alone;
So I, a mother, seek to mold
A life outside my own.
When morning's beams the far east burn,
Two childish feet I seek to place
So that, at night, when they return,
They shall not know disgrace.

I seek to help two little eyes
The beautiful in life to see,
So that, should danger them surprise,
They may not blinded be.

I seek to teach two hands to grasp
Things that are good and will endure,
So that at eve, when them I clasp,
They will be sweet and pure.

A heart each day I seek to stir
Against the wicked and defiled ;
And so her mother lives for her —
Dear, precious, darling child.

LITTLE PET, DO NOT FORGET

Come, lay your head on mother's breast,
The day's long play at last is through.
No birdling in his little nest
Has snuggler, warmer cot than you.

Close up your little eyes, and let
The fairies bear you, sweet, away
Where you a season will forget
The weariness that comes with play.

But do not hurry off quite yet,
A moment nestle warm and snug ;
And, little pet, do not forget
To give mamma a good-night hug.

And, with the hug, forget not, sweet,
The kiss that mother's cares beguile,
That, when your rest becomes complete,
You may awaken with a smile.

JOHNNY DUNBAR

There is a young lad, living near where I do,
Whose cheeks are both red and whose eyes are
both blue ;
He is fat as a dough-ball and bright as a star,
And most of us call him young Johnny Dunbar ;

Though brimful of mischief, he always is good,
The life of his home and the whole neighborhood.

He has a bright smile for big people and small,
The dog knows his whistle, the birds know his
call;

He runs in the house with a song and a shout;
And all gloom and sadness are soon put to rout;
His life in one current of happiness flows,
And the world is made happy wherever he goes.

Young Johnny's big heart is so merry and light
He seems one burst of sunshine from morning till
night;

He knows naught of worry, and it is quite plain
That naught can the flow of his spirits restrain;
May sorrow, that comes to so many, be far
From one ever cheerful as Johnny Dunbar.

There are boys who possess soft, beautiful curls,
And hands that awaken the envy of girls;
No dust is e'er seen on their velvety clothes
No dirt on the toes of their shoes can repose;
Should I say this of him the truth I would mar,
For this is not true of young Johnny Dunbar.

There are boys who inherit so many strange ills
They have to be doctored with cordials and pills;
They are rocked when awake, and when asleep
fanned,
And when the wind blows they scarcely can
stand;
They have indigestion, dyspepsia, catarrh,
But then 'tis not so with young Johnny Dunbar.

Young Johnny Dunbar is well, robust, complete,
From the top of his head to the soles of his feet;
He is brimful of vigor, ambition and vim,
And I have a very strong liking for him;

He's a courage for good that no evil can jar,
And the pride of his neighbors is Johnny Dunbar.

For who is there 'mong us, as years roll away,
And we have passed over life's morning of May,
But knows that a happy child's laughter and smile
Can from us the chill of December beguile?
We all know 'tis so. Then wherever you are
Join with me in three cheers for our Johnny Dun-
bar!

ON EASY STREET

Joe Bentley lives on Easy street,
Just at the widest part;
Where nature's work, left incomplete,
Has been made good by art.
No matter how long be the day,
Or which way sets the breeze,
A flock of birds, with colors gay,
Are scattered 'mong the trees.

The people, up and down the street,
Do mostly as they please;
They are not puffed up with conceit,
But always seem at ease.
They seldom fret at anything,
Of comfort do not tire;
And all the world to them will bring
Whatever they desire.

On Easy street, Joe was not born;
But in a country town,
Where boys must work, from early morn
Until the sun goes down.
While some boys spent all that they earned
Before the week was thro';
He was more wise and early learned
To save a dime or two.

Nobody left to him the land ;
His house was not a gift ;
The frame by industry was planned,
The walls were reared by thrift ;
And, while men with less energy
Would of hard times complain,
He built a roof the world might see
To shed the snow and rain.

Idleness for him drove no nail,
Nor hung a single door ;
Sloth never had the chance to fail
To lay for him a floor ;
Naught of the house was left to luck,
Nor did he e'er lose heart ;
While perseverance, toil and pluck
He stamped on every part.

The corner posts he made secure
'Mid envious scoffs and sneers ;
The rafters spiked, so to endure
Throughout the coming years.
While at his work he would not stop,
Tho' others paused to dream ;
And now upon its finished top
The golden sunbeams gleam.

His house was not reared in a day ;
Long years and years he toiled ;
But early threw the thought away
Hands are by labor soiled.
And when the house stood forth complete,
From roof to cellar bin,
One morning Joe passed up the street —
And quietly moved in.

For any housed in doubt and gloom,
By no ambition cheered,

On Easy street there still is room
For houses to be reared.
The lots are fine, surroundings nice,
And, tho' you have delayed,
You yet can have one at the price
That brave Joe Bentley paid.

WHEN YOU WILL THINK OF DAD

When you are far away, my boy, way up among
the hills,
Adrinkin' in the odor that the forest grand dis-
tills,
Of course, you will not think of me atoilin' here
in town,
An' wonderin' how I best can keep our big ex-
penses down.

When you are climbin' up the mount, or sailin'
on the lake,
To write ol' Dad a line or two the time you will
not take,
When you are dancin' in the hall, with ladies
young and fair,
To think of Dad, down here in town, of course
you will not care.

When you are startin' for a ride behind a four-
in-hand,
An' everything that you desire Dame Fortune
well has planned,
I know you will not think of me, but I will bet
my neck
That you will think of your ol' Dad when next
you want a check.

HE PAYS ALL THE BILLS

Very soon at our house will a wedding take place,
When Archibald Short is to marry our Grace;
My wife and the neighbors are making all plans,
Are buying the linen, the gloves and the fans,
And, while the dear creatures are putting on
frills,
I'm but the old fellow who pays all the bills.

They are ordering laces and bonnets from
France,
And I for the payments the cash must advance.
Now, when I come home, at a busy day's close,
The women are off buying blankets or hose;
And, if at such actions my poor heart is stirred,
From me a remark they consider absurd.
'Tis this sort of treatment sends shivers and
chills
Down the spine of the fellow who pays all the
bills.

I hear nothing now but what Grace ought to
wear,
Who's making her trousseau? Who'll do up her
hair?
And every new morn, when I open the mail,
A bill or two's there for some new-fangled trail.
The caterers are knocking all day at my door,
And printers are sending me cards by the score;
A dream of disaster my weary brain fills
Each night, when retiring—for I pay the bills.

Yet even my troubles can show their bright side,
While all must acknowledge our Grace a fair
bride;
My heart with a new satisfaction expands,
My wife has so nicely got Grace off my hands.

Six daughters still sit 'neath my family tree
To administer comfort and solace to me ;
And so I submit to whatever fate wills,
Tho' 'tis I, poor old fellow, who pays all the bills !

THE LORDLY CONDUCTOR

Some years ago when railroading was new, —
Towns far apart, and cities small and few, —
A fat conductor, to his own surprise,
Shrank every day one-half his usual size ;
And yet, ere night swept o'er the Eastern plane,
He had assumed his lordly size again.

Although there is no mention of his name,
The story's point and lesson are the same :
His train each day pulled out from down in
Maine,
Where men are strong, and maidens are not vain,
And people looked upon him with the awe
Surrounding one whose every word is law.

In that small, quiet, eastern country town
He wore a sort of undisputed crown ;
At church, post office, on the public way,
No one dared speak if he had aught to say ;
For he, of course, could naught of knowledge
lack,
Who rode each day to Boston-town and back.

His shrinking so each day is thus explained : —
Soon as he left, where he a monarch reigned,
And men of wealth and brains got on the train,
His vaunted greatness he could not maintain ;
And, when the cars 'cross Boston's boundaries
ran,
He passed for but an ordinary man.

But when his train, at flush of high noonday,
Was speeding eastward, on its homeward way,

People began to open wide their eyes,
To see how rapidly he grew in size;
And when the train to the small township ran,
He passed for twice an ordinary man.

And so it is, as most of us have found,
How much we know depends on who is 'round;
How rich we are, as most of us can tell,
Greatly depends on where we chance to dwell;
How big we are, how much we may expand,
Largely depends on who is close at hand.

ONE FROM THE CROWD

Upon the platform high he stood
And discoursed to the throng;
He told the people what was good
And what he thought was wrong.
They listened to his polished speech —
They praised him for his art;
And yet its power did not reach
Into a single heart.

The man was classical and proud —
He stood too far above the crowd.

Another rose, and made a speech
With fervor and with zeal;
He stood where he the throng could reach —
His words he made them feel.
The cultured grace the first possessed
It was not his to claim;
And yet, deep down in every breast,
He stirred the answering flame.

He was not classical nor proud —
But one who came from out the crowd.

PATRICK GARGAN

From the ranks of that great army marching
Forever and ever along.
Thro' this world to the shores of another,
With footsteps heroic and strong,
One we knew, and have honored and cherished,
Has sighted its beautiful banks,
Has crossed the mysterious river —
Brave Gargan has passed from the ranks.

With a hand ever generous and open
With pride he performed well his part,
Was endowed with a brain that was active,
And was blessed with a great human heart.
He was kind to the poor and the needy,
Nor from them turned coldly aside;
We felt richer while yet he was living —
We are poorer because he has died.

When the land of his pride and adoption
Was calling for brave, noble men
To defend both her flag and her honor,
He laid by his pencil and pen;
He went forth to face hardship and danger,
And to battle for freedom and right;
And the sword that he drew will ne'er tarnish,
But remain, like his name, ever bright.

At last, when from horrors of warfare
The land that he loved found release,
In the conflict of wealth versus labor
He did what he could to make peace.
When earth's armies of heroes are marshalled
To have for their services thanks,
Patrick Gargan will be of the number
To be honored and raised from the ranks.

BEN FRANKLIN

Read Before Typographical Union, No. 120,
Jan. 17th, 1896.

What leaf can I bring, from my garden so small,
Sufficiently fair 'round your saint to let fall?
What flower let drop, from my poor feeble hands,
Could add a new charm to the niche where he
stands?

What phrase can I coin that one jot would in-
crease
The fame of Ben Franklin, in war or in peace?
For this is the record, whate'er called to do,
To himself and his country to always be true.

Round his brow men of genius have woven the
bays,
And poets unnumbered have chanted his praise;
And, while my small tribute a day may endure,
His place in your hearts is forever secure.

We carefully turn o'er the records of fame,
And find, deeply 'graven thereon, Franklin's
name,
Which the rust of the years can never efface,
Nor the strong hand of time attempt to erase.

He rose, by the force of his own mighty will,
Many places of trust and of honor to fill;
And, no matter how large, no matter how small,
He was great in the smallest and true in them all.

Abroad at the rich court of France, 'mong the
learned,
For the land of his birth bright laurels he earned,
And when, with the wisest of earth called to cope,
Was as modest as when but a boy making soap.

I rise in my seat, and hail each typo here,
Who the steps follows still of that great pioneer,
Who gave to the world so much wisdom and
light
By the flash of his brain and electrified kite.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

His song is sung, the measures are completed,
And though his face we shall not see again,
The pure, sweet notes his joyous lips repeated
Will cheer our lives with many a glad refrain.

Down in the valley, where the gloom is blighting,
He never sought a human soul to lead;
But from the hill-tops he was ever sighting
A balm to find to aid hearts in their need.

Hope was the theme to which he gave expression.
It formed the burden of his charming lays;
And through the earth men make the glad confession,
Their hearts have felt its soul-inspiring rays.

Around the festive board, with friends in session,
With song or story to good cheer impart,
Such was his charm, of humor and expression,
All recognized him master of his art.

No matter who around the board was seated,
If foreign prince or ruler of our own;
For his high seat no singer e'er competed —
All knew it could be filled by him alone.

Whose hand like his could at the "Breakfast
Table"
Mix such a draught for body, mind and soul?

Who had the power to dress so nice a fable?
Whose wit could make such tears of laughter
roll?

Loved "Autocrat!" thy wit is undiluted;
The world at large acknowledges thy worth;
And though our loss cannot now be computed,
We will not weep above thy mound of earth.

For well we know that this would cause thee sor-
row,
And so we will not do thy mem'ry wrong,
But live in hope to greet thee on that morrow
Whose hours are ever glorified by song.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

The stamp of greatness rested on his brow,
A love for man was written on his face;
Unaided and alone he made a vow
To strike the galling shackles from a race.

What could he do to make that vow a truth?
The North and South his efforts did deride.
One poor, weak man, a stripling and a youth;
Nay, more there were, for God was on his side.

Brave for the right, he fought with tongue and
pen
A war that fiercely raged from sea to sea;
He won the battle, and a race of men,
Long bound in chains, were made forever free.

His life, so filled with honorable zeal
For those born to the whipping-post and rack,
Will brighter grow as mankind comes to feel
That all are brothers, be they white or black.

Beside a heart so stripped of selfishness,
Bent low to hear a bleeding people's cry,
They who opposed must error now confess,
And all their praise of liberty—a lie.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Silent I stand by Phillips' honored grave,
And think how long he wrought, and with
what power,
That the downtrodden, scar-backed Southern
Slave
Might have his liberty, — his rightful dower.

For this he braved the sneers of Beacon Hill,
Near whose proud crest his mother gave him
birth;
For this he fought the Southern tyrants' will,
And conquering both, is blessed throughout
the earth.

Unmoved by threats and gibes of Northern foes,
And undismayed by Southern scorn and hate,
Battling the issue to a happy close,
He honored both the Nation and the State.

Come ye, who sell yourselves for place and gold,
And learn how true to right he chose to be,
Remove your shoes, your tongues in silence hold,
The angel guarding here demands this fee.

Sleep, Phillips, sleep; a hero good and pure,
Reformer, sage, revered by small and great;
The cause you fought for rests today secure
With those who seek your life to emulate.

THE DEAD THAT LIVE

Man dies, but what he did
Is by no coffin-lid
Concealed with his dead bones;
 That lives for good or bad,
 To bless, or to make sad,
To light or deepen groans.

No life can be as naught;
By what is done and wrought
An influence is made,
 And in some action dressed
 By which it is expressed
To the minutest shade.

A soldier and a priest —
Mahomet rules the East, —
Napoleon lives in France;
 Warren for Freedom died,
 Yet he hath hosts supplied
For Liberty's advance.

The statesman from the floor,
The scholar by his lore,
The soldier on the field,
 Though dead and turned to dust,
 Live, and for ages must
An influence wield.

Thy years are but a span,
Yet ne'er forget, oh, man,
You live when you are dead;
 What you shall leave behind
 Will help to shape the mind
Of ages far ahead.

THE NATION'S HEROES

Dedicated to Gen. Landor Post 5, G. A. R.,
Lynn, Mass.

When traitorous hands our Flag assailed,
And tried to rend the States asunder,
The North herself in armor mailed,
And charged her guns with bolts of thunder,

On every hill, where yeomen's feet
Kept pace behind their ploughing cattle,
Was heard the loud drum's lusty beat,
Calling proud Freedom's sons to battle.

Within the city's crowded marts
The call to arms was loudly sounded ;
Men laid aside the peaceful arts,
And into war's arena bounded.

The farmer left his faithful plough
Standing within the half-turned furrow ;
The student, with his pallid brow,
For Wisdom's treasures ceased to burrow.

The lawyer laid Blackstone aside,
To face the traitor-foe defiant,
Shouldered his gun with loyal pride,
And chose his country for his client.

The preacher into action wheeled,
Where swords, not prayers, must do the pleading ;
The surgeon hurried to the field,
To stop the Nation's wounds from bleeding.

But none from town or mountain crag,
Who sought the ship of state, and manned her,
Fought braver for the dear old flag
Than they who form the Post of Landor.

She furnished men of every grade,
From colonel down to army sutler,
Men who secession's progress stayed,
Led on by Sherman, Grant and Butler.

Others, with Farragut and Meade,
Helped write their country's tragic story;
While some, who followed Hooker's lead,
Covered themselves with deathless glory.

On every field, where shell and ball
Poured forth, the Union grand to sever,
You helped push Treason to the wall,
And wipe out Slavery forever.

Why gild the page, while mem'ry reads?
Can words add to the record's splendor
Of those whose grand, heroic deeds,
Aided in forcing Lee's surrender?

The weary march — the limbs you lost,
The lives in southern prisons blighted;
Recall the sacrifice it cost
To keep Columbia's shores united,

And there were some who marched with you,
Whose deeds, like yours, both thrill and charm
me,
Passed on to the great, grand review
Of Death, who conquers every army.

Not dead, ah! no, but tenting where
No foemen lurk in swamp and thicket,
Rending with rifle shot the air
About the sentinel on picket.

Safe bivouacked on those heights sublime
Where all is peace and joy and beauty,
Waiting, with longing hearts, the time
When Earth's last Guard's relieved from duty.

EVACUATION DAY

Once a year the good people of Boston
Lay their cares and their duties aside,
To join in their grand celebration
With more than their usual pride.
The old and the young, all are happy,
As together they learn and relearn —
How the British withdrew from their borders,
And never again to return.

For months they had gathered in numbers;
All had noted their presence with dread,
As they marched thro' the streets of the city
With their regular ominous tread.
They were armed; but it was not that only
Was of dissatisfaction the source;
They were there, and by King George's orders,
Tyrannical laws to enforce.

The people, so wronged, were indignant,
And vowed that it never should be;
Each move to compel them resisting,
A grand effort they made to be free.
They were all under Washington's orders,
Obeying his every command;
He planned; they left all to their leader
And followed each wave of his hand.

To cover both harbor and city
They fortified Dorchester Heights;
What an army arose at their rally!
A people defending their rights.
A surprise was their raid on the Red-Coats,
Who fled to their ships in the bay,
From the heights what a volley was thundered!
Then, hard driven, the fleet sailed away.

Thus the British were driven from Boston:
But much more still remained to be done;

From afar came more rumors of battle,
There was need there of great Washington.
So, leaving freed Boston behind him —
Ever brave to attack or defend,
Ever victory following victory,
He brought war to a glorious end.

Ah! our ancestors knew what they planted
With their wide-spreading liberty-tree;
In its arms are our strength and protection,
And, as now, so it ever shall be!
Theirs were deeds we will ever remember,
Those of days when men's courage was tried:
An inheritance, priceless they left us —
A nation, our boast and our pride!

A nation whose watchword is ever —
"For liberty, union and right!"
Whose flag stands for justice and honor,
Sustained by a great people's might.
Forever by valor protected,
O'er our land, blood-redeemed, may it wave,
Where the soil is too good for a tyrant,
Where the air is too pure for a slave!

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE

Rise! beacon to so grand a height —
From out the blue waves wild and free —
That through oppression's darkest night,
Men may their way to freedom see.

May thy bright-burning beams be felt
Across the world's remotest plains,
Until their gracious influence melt
From earth's last slave his galling chains.

The gift of France, our sister land,
To whom, ere now, we owed so much,
Our thanks to her, as hand in hand,
We both grow grander for the touch.

May both keep on their upward way,
Finding new light in Freedom's school,
Until time ushers in the day
When all men learn themselves to rule.

OLD GLORY, WAVE!

Old Glory, wave! Each patriot holds
A hope within thy starry folds.
O, flag that binds — Red, White and Blue! —
The hearts of all thy lovers true.

Old Glory, wave o'er dale and hill,
Voice of thy message never still!
From mountain's height to ocean's crest,
All 'neath thy sheltering folds are blest.

Wave over rostrum, school and church,
High o'er the eagle's cloud-capped perch,
Above a people prosperous, free,
All that they are, and hope to be!

Wave over desert-waste and sea,
Emblem of right and liberty! —
And may our glory-banner wave
Till earth has freed her latest slave.

Wave on, old Glory, day and night,
Supported by a people's might!
On thee, tho' distant Nations frown,
May none have power to tear thee down!

CROWNING HER DEAD

Tune — "America"

Sung by the School children at the dedication
of the Soldiers' Monument, at Swampscott,
Mass., June 18th, 1883.

To her brave sons who died
That Freedom might abide
 In all the land,
Swampscott today, in tears,
This monument uprears,
To prove how she reveres
 That honored band.

Here, on this verdant crest,
High on her grateful breast,
 Ever to dwell ;
Here, where the tireless sea
Will chant in majesty,
How for true Liberty
 Her brave sons fell.

With loyal, holy pride,
She gravens, side by side,
 The names of those
Whose hist'ry here doth blend,
Who fought for one great end —
The Union to defend
 Against its foes.

The victory they wrought
With priceless good is fraught
 To this fair town.
Freed stand four million slaves ;
Our flag in triumph waves ;
Because of their bless'd graves,
 Decked with renown.

'Neath scorching Southern sun,
On fields their valor won,
 Their brave forms sleep.
Their spirits, past decay,
Are hov'ring here today;
Chanting a deathless lay,
 A guard they keep.

Father! at whose right hand
Our destinies are planned,
 Look down in love!
May wars forever cease,
And universal peace
Yield us her rich increase
 From Thee above!

NO FLOWERS TOO FAIR

Bring flowers from the billowy vale,
And from the mountains high and steep,
That we may choicest garlands trail
 Above the graves where heroes sleep.

No flower that 'neath the noonday sun
Its perfumed head in beauty waves,
Nor those that blow when day is done,
 Can be too fair for heroes' graves.

Then pluck the fairest flowers that bloom,
And place them, with a loving hand,
Above the May-kissed grassy tomb
 Of every hero in the land.

Let children with the old unite
In wreathing flowers pure and sweet,
That garlands red, and garlands white,
 A perfect offering may complete.

So, year by year, our hands will heap
 A wealth of flowers, broad and high,

Because they, who in silence sleep,
For our dear country dared to die.

Brave souls, that marched where duty led,
Life's last great battle now is o'er;
And, though gone from us, are not dead,
But rest where war drums beat no more.

We scarcely know today how high,
On Fame's bright roll, to place each name;
Time, as the rolling years go by,
A truer answer shall proclaim.

Far as our country's bounds extend,
And brighter grows her diadem,
Will we more fully comprehend
How great the debt we owe to them.

NEW ENGLAND BEST

I love our dear New England best,
Where hills are deep, and broad, and high;
What if the prairies of the West
A wealth that's measureless supply?

For from their tops, where winds blow free,
And birds and flowers their lessons teach,
The distant heavens seem to be
A little nearer to my reach.

A MOTHER'S WELCOME

There will be no blare of trumpets,
No sound of martial drums;
There will be no shout of triumph
When he from the conflict comes.
There will be no great ovation,
No bands to play their part,
But there will be sweetest music
In his dear old mother's heart.

There will not be miles of bunting
O'er our dwellings decked with care;
Rockets, nor Roman candles,
Will fill with their light the air.
There will be no long procession,
For our citizens to scan,
But mother will bid him welcome
As only a mother can!

THE OLD FLAG NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND

Sergt. William H. Carney, the undaunted color bearer at the battle of Fort Wagner, though terribly wounded, still held aloft the banner and cried to his comrades: "Boys, the old flag never touched the ground!"

When you rehearse the names of those
Who, when the country was divided
In sentiment; and Southern foes
Against the Northern section sided,
Forget not Carney's name, I pray.
Dark was his skin, no heart was fairer,
Who fought in Wagner's bloody fray —
The Massachusetts color bearer.

When Col. Shaw gave forth the word
Fort Wagner was to be assaulted,
And men of Massachusetts heard
The order, not a soldier halted.
Forward that mighty column moved,
With hurrying steps, now fast, now faster,
Only to be mowed down, which proved
That e'en the bravest meet disaster.

Black night put heaven's torches out,
The rain, too, was in torrents falling;
And now and then was heard a shout —
The wounded were for succor calling.

The scene was awful to behold,
For, 'mid the cannon's ceaseless rattle,
And heard above it, thunders rolled,
While lightnings lit the field of battle.

They fought—prepared for any fate;
And Northern men, by warm hearts cherish-
ed —

Whose love of country was so great
They would not yield — by choice they per-
ished.

The field was heaped and covered o'er
With loyal soldiers dead and dying,
And Wall, who late the colors bore,
Alas! too soon was with them lying.

Young Carney saw his comrade's fate —
Heard, as it were, death to him calling,
And, quicker than words can relate,
As from Wall's hand the flag was falling,
Though wounded, down his gun he threw,
All fear of death and danger braving,
Seized the old flag, with courage true,
Raised it aloft — and kept it waving.

At last the troops were forced to yield,
Their columns shattered, thinned and broken;
And, as they left the bloody field,
Scarcely a word by them was spoken.
Brave Carney was so loth to go
That he among the latest tarried;
And, when he did, with footsteps slow,
The colors saved he proudly carried.

When Carney reached his camp again,
With the old flag he had defended,
Up, thro' the darkness and the rain,
Cheer after cheer to heaven ascended;

And, when the soldiers gathered round —
The young, the middle-aged, the hoary —
“The old flag never touched the ground!”
Was Carney’s brief and simple story.

Then write, with pen of quenchless fire,
His deed on history’s fadeless pages,
That it may patriots grave inspire,
Thro’ all the rounds of coming ages,
Where duty calls, there to be found,
And claim, like Carney, heart unfailing,
“The old flag never touched the ground,
Nor ever in the dust was trailing!”

ABEDNEGO RAMSDELL

Have you heard of the part a Lynn man played
In the famous struggle our nation made?
How from Lynn to Lexington, foe to meet,
He ran all the way in his stocking feet?
’Twas in April, 1775,
When the red-coats made Lexington all alive.

Far out on Lynn marshes, with dog and gun,
He was sighting his game; but his mind was upon
His country in peril, that should be as free
As the wind that blew toward him from the sea.
He was out duck-hunting that April day,
Little thinking that ere it had passed away
In its great events he would bear a part
To endear him to every patriot’s heart.

Of a sudden a horseman came in sight.
He shouted the news of impending fight.
When it startled Abednego Ramsdell’s ear
His heart gave a thrill and his voice gave a cheer.
Did he stop to think of a uniform fine?
No; for Lexington Green he struck a bee-line.
His hunting-boots, heavy with mud and hide.

So hampered his running, he cast them aside.
As with shouldered gun and with wild heart-beat
He hurried from Lynn in his stocking-feet.

For a moment the thought flashed thro' his mind
Of those whom he loved that he'd left behind.
Fond voices from home he seemed to hear,
But his country's voice called him to duty clear.
While his soul to the truth was fully awake,
That her very existence was at stake.
So he hastened forward with panting breath.
To fight for liberty — or for death —
Undaunted by distance, fatigue or heat,
To Lexington Green, in his stocking-feet.

As with steps unlagging he onward sped
No streaming banner waved over his head,
To strengthen his purpose, his heart to cheer,
To give him new courage and banish fear.
He followed no rousing trumpet-call,
No drum-beat — the beat of his heart was all.
What need of these to this man from Lynn,
When freedom's music was sounding within?
With comrades as true he was soon to meet,
So on, on he sped in his stocking-feet.

Thro' villages onward his way he took,
Never pausing to cast behind him a look.
But soon from the byways, now one, now two,
Rushed to the highway good men and true,
And then by the dozen; with visages grim
They fell into line and marched, following him —
Following him to old Lexington Green;
A company braver never was seen.
They all thought of victory, none of retreat,
Led on by our hero in stocking-feet.

I need not tell how they fought that day;
The story on history's page will stay;

And that man from Lynn, he had done his best
Ere he fell with a bullet that pierced his breast.
Thro' the battle-smoke of that April morn
Shone liberty over a land new-born ;
And with others who fought that day to win,
Remember brave Ramsdell, the man from Lynn !
And to our children his name repeat,
Who ran from Lynn in his stocking-feet.

MOLL PITCHER

The Fortune Teller of Lynn

Know you not of that wonderful woman,
Who forms of Lynn's history a part,
Who made for herself a name famous,
By making of witchcraft an art ?
She was born while yet Lynn was a township,
Way over in old Marblehead,
Where her grandfather, tho' a ship owner,
The strange life of a sorcerer led.

Of the things that he did 'tis related,
When seas waved in tumultuous war,
From a hill jutting out from the graveyard,
That he guided his ships safe to shore
By signs and enchantment and witchcraft ;
And this was his heart's great desire,
That his granddaughter's powers should rival
In wonder the works of her sire.

Her grandfather's evil familiars,
Viewless spirits he only could guide,
When a girl she had hated and feared them,
From all witchcraft turned ever aside.
But later, when childless and widowed,
And poverty came with its blight,
She practiced strange arts for a living —
She was forced — she had hunger to fight.

In Marblehead, young Mollie Diamond
Was a clever and fair looking maid;
She attracted and wed Robert Pitcher,
A Lynn man, shoemaker by trade.
So in Lynn they made home, and were happy;
The world seemed a beautiful place;
There a son to their fireside was added,
In their cot, 'neath High Rock's stony base.

The years rolled away, and the changes
That come sooner or later to all,
Tho' they be of the rich or the lowly,
Cast over her home a dark pall;
For her husband, the man she had cherished,
And her son — her heart's dearest was he,
Both were lost on a perilous voyage
And were drowned in the depths of the sea.

One day to her house came a sailor —
And other survivor was none —
Who told her the sorrowful story
How perished her husband and son.
From that day all was changed. Poor and needy,
With no talent to teach or to stitch,
Thereafter all called her Moll Pitcher —
Fortune-teller, soothsayer and witch.

She assumed a strange costume, strange manners;
She proclaimed o'er the bounds she could see
Of the present, and into the future,
In the leaves of a drained cup of tea,
She practiced palm reading, card reading,
Received clients and no one beside.
A black cat was her only companion,
And he heard her last words when she died.

She was sought by the youth and the lover,
By the mean and the gentle of birth,
By the merchant and weather-worn sailor,
For her fame had gone out thro' the earth.

Who came in good faith or affliction,
Discovered in her a true friend;
But the trifler and cunning deceiver,
'Tis said, met some terrible end.

Thro' a long, lonely life, she had gathered
A medley of curious things;
Queer objects were brought her by sailors,
Snakes, turtles and fishes with wings,
Huge shells from the shores of strange oceans,
In which could be heard the sea's roar;
And two mammoth whale's bones that, like sen-
tinals,
Kept guard day and night by her door.

When worn out, and with old age decrepit,
Her bold spirit a rest at last found;
Near a century has lain her poor body
In West Lynn's old burying ground.
By some people, who are superstitious,
We are told that when storm rules the waves,
That the figure of poor old Moll Pitcher
Can be seen moving there 'mid the graves.

Whate'er may be said of the service
The people received from her hand,
To some she had proved a great blessing,
Bringing good where an evil was planned.
For we know that, in all of God's creatures,
Though to evil at times they incline,
There is still to be found in their natures
A spark of the good and divine.

HIGH ROCK

Dear Lynn, were we to search the whole world
'round,
No place so dear to us could e'er be found.
Thou art our city, our abode, our home;

And tho', at times, afar from thee we roam
To distant lands, how soon for thee we yearn,
Nor know full joy again till we return!
Come, friend! 'tis morning; just the chosen time
That we up old High Rock's ascent should climb,
That, from that vantage point, we may behold
Fair scenes that 'round us ceaselessly unfold.
The sun shines on us from his silver disc;
About us revel breezes, cool and brisk,
There is a sense of fullness in the air,
A perfectness in which all things have share.
Look far out, o'er the waters of the bay,
Where once the Mayflower made her heaven-
led-way —
That precious craft, with her more precious
freight,
That made this land a province — then a State,
Greatest today of all the forty-five
By whose ideas all the others thrive.

Friend, if you cannot come with me by day,
When birds are singing and the flowers bloom
gay,
After you have enjoyed home's evening meal,
After night's shadows o'er the scenery steal,
And stars have set the skies with light ablaze,
Come with me — on the view enchanted gaze!
Moon-whitened housetops are on every side;
The lights of home fill windows far and wide;
While o'er us, from the blue, gleam on our sight,
All glorious, the jewels of the night.

Another day, let us again look out,
For places history knows are hereabout.
Far eastward — it is there may be discerned
Salem; and witches, women there were burned;
Sent to the stake, not being in accord
With those self-styled the chosen of the Lord;
Who called them demons from the nether world,

Whence they had come, to which they should be
hurled.

They even took it on themselves to tell
Who was of heaven, and who was of hell.
Thankful are we such bigotry has passed;
Man can believe whate'er he will at last.
'Mongst their descendants, even now, we find
Some who believe they know the Heavenly
mind;

But, on the people of the present day.
Their fathers' sins it was unfair to lay.
Still, though that smoke has long since disap-
peared,
Some stench remains; that fire the grass has
seared.

Towards Swampscott turn; there see, upon the
tide,

The fisher's boat, to which his life's allied,
As it now falls, now rises, with the waves,
'Neath which there lie so many unknown graves.
'Twas from that port I sent, on Boyhood's sea,
The ships I hoped would all come back to me
Full to the decks; but, on the treacherous main,
In form of wrecks, some have come back again.

Towards Boston's State House should your eyes
now roam,

You'll see the sun reflected from the dome,
Beneath which laws the most humane are fram-
ed,

That e'er have made old Massachusetts famed.
Stars in the blue, like sentinels on guard,
Gleam in the flag, o'er Charlestown's Navy Yard:
And near, a monument to valor still,
The shaft that rises over Bunker Hill.

More to the right then look, with searching eyes,
See where the famed blue hills of Milton rise;

And, o'er their slopes, o'er-capped with vine and
tree,
Nature unfolds her rich embroidery.
Turn to the north, where hills on hills arise,
Tree-crowned, whose tops ascend to meet the
skies,
From which there comes the pungent breath of
pine,
Mingled with that of flowers from bush and vine,
Met by the cooling zephyrs from the sea,
Should make this spot a heaven to you and me.

Now turn to Lynn! Look on our famous town
From old High Rock, it's richly-silvered crown.
See, nestling 'mid the myriad shapely trees,
Fanned by the breath of every welcome breeze,
The rich man's palace and the poor man's
home —

Here lifts the church spire, there the schoolhouse
dome.

The schoolhouse? There youth taught in wis-
dom's ways

Learn how they, in the world, themselves may
raise

To any station they aspire to fill,

If to hard work they add a hearty will.

See, from a hundred factory chimneys rise,

As if in grateful incense to the skies,

The smoke that tells there labor is employed,

Because of which the hearts are overjoyed —

Of those who carry on their business there.

And those who for their labor get their share.

Fair city, that your wealth may still increase,

May capital and labor live in peace;

For when arises, 'twixt the two, discord,

Wealth finds no gain and labor no reward.

In Lynn's midst is High Rock, on which we
stand,

With all its varied views on every hand.

Here children come to while an hour away,
Who make of life a sunny holiday,
To hear the stories told of other days,
Of men whose deeds deserve our meed of praise.
Here come the aged, who, thro' smiles and tears,
Gaze out afar to bygone happy years,
Looking beyond, to sunsets in the west,
Hoping, yet dreaming, of the land of rest.
Here may the artist, when to art inclined,
Delight his eyes and inspiration find,
'Mid scenes, with varied hues so delicate,
He ne'er can equal — only imitate.
Here may the lover with his love repair,
See rays of sunshine gild her wavy hair,
Her cheeks grow redder and her eyes more
bright;
So shall his heart be filled with love's delight,
While she, transfigured at his very side,
May name the day when she will be his bride.
Here may the poet wend his thoughtful way,
On nature's lap his dreamy head to lay,
There catch outpourings of her mighty soul
Which, in his song may down the ages roll,
Bearing his name, yet with this one desire —
The sad to cheer, the hopeless to inspire;
And tho', at times, perhaps misunderstood,
His highest wish for mankind's brotherhood.

TO THE LYNN WOODS

Forget with me, old friend, awhile
The market place 'mid heat and dust,
Where men their treasures upward pile,
That only can corrode and rust.

Forget with me awhile to tread
The ways where pride and hate are found,
And let our dusty feet be led
Where flowers in peaceful vales abound.

Climb with me some exalted height,
And breathe the sweets we there may find,
And let us view awhile aright
The things that can make strong the mind.

Let us forget the thrusts that scar,
The waves of strife that round us roll,
The sordid things that tend to mar
The perfect fullness of the soul.

Come where the world's false tinselings fade,
'Mid scented vales and cool wild wood,
Where nature brings, in leaf and blade,
Forgetfulness of all but good.

Of men I have not weary grown,
And yet the woodland, and the hills,
I truly love far more, I own,
Than all the sweets the town distills.

The city's walks I love, not hate,
The stir of business and of trade —
But come, let's pass the woodland gate
And stay till we are stronger made.

"HOWARD VILLA,"

Middleton, Mass.

A dozen miles or more inland,
There rests in peace that blest retreat;
Its ancient door by breezes fanned,
Laden with scent of blossoms sweet.

Around its gables, quaint and old,
Sustained by rafters strong and stout,
The song-birds love their wings to fold
And pour their wealth of gladness out.

Near by the house a cool, deep spring
Laughs out its never-failing flow ;
Today as sweet and pure a thing
As 'twas two hundred years ago.

O'er the broad fields the cattle graze,
And children dance in playful glee ;
While from afar we hear the lays
Of Ipswich, 'flowing toward the sea.

Great trees, with beauty mantled o'er,
Make pictures that the soul reveres ;
And one huge elm stands by the door —
The sentinel of a hundred years.

When the fair hours of day have flown,
And stars from out the azure shine,
Night sends a glory all her own
That seems to make the place divine.

To you dear walls my memory turns, —
Whose charms the dullest soul would win ;
And oft, at night, my poor heart yearns
For one I chanced to meet therein.

WHITE WITH BLOOM

The trees are white with bloom again,
And beauty guards them 'round about ;
Warm sun and gentle drops of rain
Have called their sweetest fragrance out.

When breezes stir they dance and swing,
As if it were their heart's delight,
To this cold earth again to bring
New day, more radiant and bright.

The happy birds to you extend
A welcome in their wealth of song,

That you once more so well befriend
A world devoid of bloom so long.

Welcome, fair dawn of fragrant May!
For your dear smile the world makes room;
And may you bear from us away
All thoughts less pure than your sweet bloom.

THE SONG OF THE TROLLEY CAR

Thro' woods and fields, whate'er the cost,
Mankind has made a path for me;
And every stream my way that crossed
Was bridged, that I might wander free.

Then here and there a village rose,
As if 'neath an enchanter's wand;
I know how to appeal to those
With wit and sense to understand.

I travel at a rapid pace;
Up the steep hill, and down I run;
Annihilating time and space;
The town and city I make one.

The crowded factory and mill,
I pass a dozen times a day;
And where fair flowers their sweets distil,
And wild birds sing, I make my way.

Who would an observation take
Of charms and beauties nature shows,
Let him with me a journey make —
He'll happier feel each mile he goes.

Both high and low may go with me,
And one and all I treat the same;
For I'm a leveller, as you see,
And full equality proclaim.

It is one of my chiefest joys
To carry with me, on my way,
A lot of laughing girls and boys
Out for a summer holiday.

Then let the rich in autos ride,
Or carriages, or what they may;
Majorities for me decide,
For pleasant comfort, night or day.

I travel without thought of rest,
In idleness no pleasure find;
And feel that I am serving best
When I am serving human kind.

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND DREAM

Come out here 'neath an April sky,
In sight of hill and wood and stream,
Beneath the budding willows lie
And close your eyes and dream.

Come here, that you may feel and know
The joy of April's first warm gleam,
That new life thro' your veins may flow;
Then close your eyes and dream.

Come here, where in the passing breeze
A myriad of voices seem,
And listen to them while they please, —
Then close your eyes and dream.

Come here, you whom I once called dear,
'Neath every sky my constant theme;
And yet, dear heart, if you were here
I had no cause to dream.

AT SUNSET

The day had been a gloomy one,
And in my room I sat alone;
And yet, at intervals, the sun
Between the clouds his face had shown.

But, as he toward his setting drew,
The black clouds wholly passed away;
Then back, across the world, he threw
The splendor of his golden ray.

The long day's gloom I quite forgot,
For I was glad as one could be,
Because so happy in the thought
Of all the sun had been to me.

And then, I thought, where'er I lack,
If, when down life's West I depart,
I would be glad could I throw back
One pleasant memory o'er some heart.

TWO JUNE ROSES

Two roses, flushed with beauty rare,
Upon the same branch grew;
Each had the same benignant care
From shade and rain and dew.

Each felt the same soul-cheering beams
Of morning's glorious sun;
And 'twas but natural their dreams
And hopes should be as one.

The same glad birds above each head
Poured forth their songs in pride;
And, when the setting sun grew red,
They slumbered side by side.

One day there came two maidens fair;
"A rose for each," said they,
As, gathering them with tender care,
Each went her separate way.

There was no time to say goodbye,
Scarce time to feel the smart
Of being borne away to die
Somewhere, unknown, apart.

One lay upon a maiden's breast,
That night to be a bride,
Who to her lips the flower pressed—
Forgot it when it died.

The other found itself alone,
Held in a dead child's hand;
But as the earth was on them thrown,
The rose its future planned.

It said: "I will be strong and brave
And pierce the cold earth thro' ;"
Now, each year, o'er that dear child's grave,
A rose bush blooms anew.

THE FERNERY

Thanks for the fernery you sent,
Which now adorns my sitting room;
For it to me has freely lent
The beauty of its quiet bloom;
And when the dark and wintry skies
Their snows against my window fling,
I slowly close my dreamy eyes
And feel once more the breath of spring.

As I gaze on the modest ferns
That rise the soft green mosses thro',
My heart once more the spot relearns
Where they in beauty sprang and grew;

I seem to tread again the hills
Which oft my footsteps glad invite ;
And thoughts of fields my bosom fills
With untold rapture and delight.

As vine and berry I survey
Or note the shoots and tender leaves,
I seem once more to hear the lay
Of wild bird as the air he cleaves ;
And as I gaze awhile and dream,
Then take another raptured look,
I hear the music of the stream
Joining in song the pebbly brook.

Thanks for the fernery I said,
And thrice again accept my thanks,
Its sweets my heart and soul have fed,
For it all boughten gifts outranks.
Tho' stormy days be cold and drear,
With nature it keeps me in tune ;
It fills life's wintry days with cheer
And kisses, from the lips of June.

I'VE HAD GOOD NEWS TODAY

Rejoice with me, whoever you may be,
Because my heart is filled with ecstasy.
The rain has ceased ; the flowers smile again.
The bees with sweets are coming o'er the plain,
The birds are singing in the tree-tops high
And to the earth bends down the soft, blue sky,
Rejoice with me ! Rejoice with me, I say,
Rejoice with me ! I've had good news today.

Rejoice with me ! For, thankful it is so,
My soul this hour with joy is all aglow,
I hear sweet music in the passing breeze
And see new beauties in the swaying trees ;

New sweets come floating to me on the air,
And children's laughter I hear everywhere —
Come near, and in my hand your own hand lay;
Rejoice with me! I've had good news today.

Rejoice with me, whatever joy you lack,
And I some day will richly pay you back.
Into my life, this hour, such pleasures flow,
How glad I am I want the world to know.
Here in this letter, written to me, see! —
He says tomorrow he with me will be.
The world looks bright!—the shadows flee away!
Rejoice with me, I've had good news today.

WHERE GRASSES FIRST GROW GREEN

From city streets today I flee;
And all that lies between
Me and the slopes I long to see,
Where grasses first grow green.

And, as I pass beyond the noise
Of alley and of street,
I seem to taste once more the joys
Of fields with flowers sweet.

The murmur of the brook I hear
That runs where alders lean,
As musingly the slopes I near
Where grasses first grow green.

When far the town I leave behind,
A bird with folded wing
Upon a leafless bough I find,
Afraid as yet to sing.

A patch of snow lies yonder there,
As tho' it longed to stay,
And yet a voice says, thro' the air,
Winter has passed away.

So, tho' in things that I pass by
But little life be seen,
They of the summer prophesy,
When all the fields are green.

APRIL'S SONG

The song that I sing is a promise of joy,
And its measures are cheerful and bright;
No murmurs of sorrow shall longer annoy
'Neath its rapture of nameless delight.

There's a radiant warmth in the kiss I impart
That the chill airs of March drive away,
That a new inspiration can give to each heart
And the gloomiest spirit make gay.

I whisper and waken the leaves in the grass,
Call to music the insect and bird;
And, with gentlest of breezes, that merrily pass,
No sounds but of gladness are heard.

The smiles I bestow on the orchard and field,
And my showers abundantly shed,
To them give a power a harvest to yield
That the nations of earth may be fed.

HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE

Oft, when a child, at night I used to stand
And watch in wonderment each twinkling star,
And say in simple words another planned,
"Oh, how I wonder, wonder, what you are!"

Now, ripe with years, in truth I freely state,
As I behold each twinkling orb afar,
My wonderment tonight is e'en more great,
And still "I wonder, wonder, what you are!"

MORE SUN THAN SHADE

If in the heavens there chance to be a cloud,
Even from which the rain at last may burst,
Regard it not as aught to make you proud
If, by keen searching, you discern it first.
The clouds will gather soon enough, no doubt,
And veil with frowns the azure overhead,
But be thou wise and blest in pointing out, —
In place of cloud, — the bright sunbeam in-
stead.
For, look upon things as we will or may,
E'en tho' the sun himself may sink and fade,
The darkest night is shorter than the day —
There is more sunshine in the world than shade.

TO A PANSY

Fair flow'r whose worth I sing,
Whose richness I adore,
I only know one thing
Could make thy beauty more.

It is to let her eyes,
So wonderful to see,
More fair than summer skies,
Shed their warm light o'er thee.

Go then, and o'er her breast
Thy lovely leaves entwine;
On thee her eyes will rest
And make thee more divine.

IT MIGHT BE WELL

Come, let us take a little walk!
We have been busy many days,
O'erhear the wild birds in their talk,
And note their ways.

Come, let us take a little run,
Across the lane and thro' the wood;
A breath of air, a ray of sun,
May do us good.

Come, let us pass the time away
Awhile beside the merry brook;
It might be well for us today
To skyward look.

Come, let us have a little song,
Tho' all the notes we do not know;
Music unto the lips will throng
Where wild flowers grow.

You say you will, then forward move,
O'er hill and dale, and woodland thro';
To me the day will joyous prove
If but with you.

DUTY

A youth, whose cheeks with health were all
aglow,
Stood where a stream gushed from the moun-
tains high,
And said, "Why do you hurry from me so?
Stay here awhile and watch the clear blue sky."

The stream replied, as, pausing on its way,
While yet the sun within the East was new,
"Because at best so soon will end the day,
And I ere night have very much to do.

"I ought to be, ere yet it is high noon,
Down o'er these heights within the quiet vale,
So I can join in the enchanting tune
Of both the bluebird and the nightingale.

"And I must nourish, as I journey down,
Each little flower in simple beauty dressed,
'Till it is taken to the far-off town,
To die in peace upon some fair white breast.

"I, too, must help to turn the mighty wheel,
By which the miller grinds his golden grain,
Or I to-night will most unhappy feel,
Knowing my strength has all been spent in
vain.

"And I at early eve must slowly pass
Beneath the bridge on which your sweetheart
stands,
That I may be to her a looking-glass
Wherein to view her lovely face and hands.

"I, too, must sing as I approach the sea,
For those whose hearts have waited for me
long,
Of that sweet time when they will all be free
From fret and care, from sorrow and from
wrong.

"And when the stars set all the heavens ablaze
Into the sea I want to slowly wind,
That to the wharf my strength may help upraise
Some goodly ship with gifts for all mankind.

"Now," said the brook, "that you my words have
heard,
What is your answer, I would like to know."
He bowed his head and uttered but a word —
"I will not keep you from your duty — go!"

OCTOBER

She passes thro' the land,
And with her brush in hand,
Gives to each vine and leaf a color rare.
E'en to the sunset's glow,
She does a tint bestow,
That makes the world more beautiful and fair.

Unto the ripening grain,
Which bends upon the plain,
Beneath the roguish kisses of the breeze,
She giveth without stint,
A rich and varied tint,
She brought with her across the lakes and seas.

Her hands artistic seek
The apple's full, round cheek,
That to it she a color may impart.
To grapes upon the vine
She gives a touch so fine,
They send a flush of gladness to the heart.

A BRIDGE IN THE VALE

Upon a bridge within North Conway's lovely
vale,
Which spans a mountain brook,
Once I my station took
And leaned in idleness against the rustic rail.
For hours the music of that brook's unending
flow
Broke on my listening ear,
In notes so sweet and clear,
That for a time naught else I knew or cared to
know.

I watched the pebbles in the silvery, shining sand,
Which grew more pure and bright

With every day and night,
And so I felt my breast with purest thoughts expand.

I raised my eyes at last, when I saw on all sides,
Birds, flowers, and insects small,
Which, summoned by its call,
Were billing, flirting, dancing with their chosen brides.

I saw the thirsty cattle come and drink their fill,
A dog go plunging in,
A boy with line and pin,
Who on the shy young fishes tried his luckless skill.

Anon, too, I beheld the bushes bend with grace,
And the tall, stately trees,
Assisted by the breeze,
View with much pride their forms within its mirroring face.

The sun went down to rest; the brook flowed on
the same;
Slowly I moved aside, —
When near me I espied
Two lovers, who to tell their love at evening came.
Each spoke at intervals in accents sweet and low,
And this they vowed to do:
(I wonder were both true?)
To love each other till that brooklet ceased to flow.

THE MUD

Why complain of the walking, why snarl at the mud
That frequently covers our walks like a flood?
Why implore your poor soul to indignantly throb
When the mud gives some penniless bootblack a job?

What, I ask, if the trousers, which cost you so dear,

The mud as it frolics delights to besmear?

Your tailor at night could not rest in his bed

If his dear little children were crying for bread.

What if over your coach and your fine thoroughbred,

The mud in its madness rejoices to spread?

Why frown as the wheels thro' the thoroughfares fly?

It is work which the needs of the masses supply.

What, pray, if the skirts that you don with such grace,

The mud their immaculate whiteness deface?

Remember that these, tho' your fate you deplore,

Must the laundryman back to their cleanness restore.

But if on some soul in the gutter and mud,

Your example with one noble impulse shall flood,

Thro' the gates of that land, you may both pass between,

Where the streets are of gold and the side-walks are clean.

WHERE FIELDS ARE GREEN

Where fields are green, once more I tread,

The touch is restful to my feet;

The birds are singing o'er my head,

Their songs, that never seemed more sweet.

Where fields are green, I walk once more

The crooked lane to me so dear,

And, as the stone wall I pass o'er,

The murmur of the brook I hear.

Where fields are green, the flowers throw
Their sweetness on the balmy air,
And all above and all below
Seems beautiful beyond compare.

Where fields are green, I view the trees
In all their majesty and worth,
As with their leaves they catch the breeze
And hand it down to the green earth.

Where fields are green today I see
Against the sky the distant hills.
And health and life flow back to me
That rob me of my petty ills.

And as I gaze an Unseen Power
My faith beholds o'er all the scene.
Ah! would that I might make this hour
An endless day — where fields are green.

BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH

The frost my neighbor's flowers has kissed,
And touched them by his breath;
Yet they, that will be so much missed,
Are beautiful in death.

They grew in beauty in the spring,
They felt the warmth of June;
The birds above them used to sing
Their sweetest songs at noon.

And when the evening shadows crept,
And stars poured forth their light,
They never weary grew, nor slept,
Till they had said good-night.

When one was taken near or far,
To bless some sad, wan face,
Next morning there would straight appear
Two buds to take its place.

In July, when the air was hot,
Their smiles were sweet and good,
Because they never once forgot
To bless the neighborhood.

When August wove her mystic spell
Their presence would repeat,
In words as plain as words can tell,
That life indeed is sweet.

Amid September's cooling ray
They grew not cold nor proud;
But, when the children passed that way,
To them they smiled and bowed.

Unto the aged and the weak,
The deaf and those who hear,
They never felt too good to speak
A word of love and cheer.

They gave their lives for old and young,
Nor dreamed of praise or fame;
And I am grieved because my tongue
So ill their deeds proclaim.

Sweet flowers by the white frost kissed,
And fallen 'neath his breath,
'Twere strange indeed were you not missed —
So beautiful in death.

SONG OF THE MARCH WIND

I am coming, I am coming, so look out for your
throat,
And tighten up your gaiter straps and button up
your coat;
I 'gainst your lady's cheeks will brush, and with
her ringlets flirt,
And round her form you think so fine will wind
her faultless skirt.

I am coming, I am coming across the frozen
snows,
To paint the maiden's pale cheek red and pinch
the schoolboy's nose;
Though 'gainst me for the things I do the good
housewife may rise,
In order to be up with her, I'll throw dust in her
eyes.

I'll sweep across each street and lane, and climb
the highest dome,
And visit each abiding place that mortal man
calls home;
The maiden with her newest hat I'm longing to
alarm,
And when I meet an old bent man will pinch him
in the arm.

I want to visit every walk where last year's dry
leaves lie,
And take them up in my strong arms and toss
them 'gainst the sky,
So that the bright sun's cheerful rays, and April's
hopeful rain,
Will coax them back to life anew and make them
bloom again.

I want to pause at every vine, climb every living
tree
From which the birds of summer hope to chant
their minstrelsy ;
I trust that I shall have the strength my highest
wish to crown,
Which is from each encumbered limb the dead
wood to blow down.

A BIRD AND HIS SONG

Upon a sultry summer's day,
Far out beneath the trees,
Ere yet had passed its hours away,
I sought the cooling breeze.

As there I sat, I chanced to see
A bird — a tiny thing —
That, on a swaying twig near me,
Enjoyed his evening swing.

Like me, the bird was all alone,
No wingèd friends were there ;
To watch his pretty pranks, I own,
It was a pleasure rare.

For as he swung — now up, now down —
In accents sweet and strong,
That joyous hour he deigned to crown
With wreath of rapturous song.

So I was happy once again,
And, ere he flew away,
He seemed to say in words quite plain,
“I wish you, sir, good day.”

Then I was glad I had delayed
To listen to the end,
And felt, somehow, that I had made
Of that dear bird, a friend.

BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN, SUNDAY
AFTERNOON

Out in the garden, where the air is fragrant
With bud and blossom valued above price,
Wanders the millionaire beside the vagrant,
The maid of fortune and the child of vice ;

The heirs to wealth, glad in their merry laughter,
Beside their parents with their money bags ;
A short way off, poor children following after,
Their pinched forms peeping thro' their dress
of rags.

With wealth of bloom the shapely trees are bend-
ing,
While flowers unnumbered blossom at one's
feet,
And the green sward, its borders far extending,
To rest the eye and make the scene complete.

Upon a bench a man sits idly dozing,
Who to the spot for rest has often hied,
And nearby sits a blushing youth proposing,
With a sweet maiden smiling by his side.

Across the sky the clouds are gaily scudding,
With now and then a bird flying between ;
These, and the pond, the sun with gold is flood-
ing,
To make more glad and beautiful the scene.

Old age and youth in the same boat are sailing,
The younger members laughing at the sport ;
The child of health and she whose strength is
failing ;
Yet each and all bound for the same last port.

The granite bridge the rippling waves is span-
ning,
O'er which in throngs the people come and go,

Some stopping, looking in the waters, planning
Only the things their own hearts e'er will
know.

Statues of men, and shafts, here tell their story
To young and old, whoever passes by;
Great Washington who sought his country's
glory,
Whose name the nation never will let die.

O, blessed spot, resort of all the people,
Thy matchless charms we thankfully confess,
In sight of state house, dome and roof and
steeple,
N'er may the years your triumphs render less.

So, in the garden, Sunday, is reflected
The forms of life we meet with everywhere;
Teach on, inspire, till mankind is perfected
And every wilderness a garden fair.

VACATION IN MY EASY CHAIR

The summer, with its heat and glare,
To me no respite brought,
And so, with eyes closed, in my chair
Tonight I roam in thought:

I ride past townships large and small
At almost lightning speed,
Past smoky chimneys high and tall,
And mill and marsh and mead.

I stop a hurried lunch to take;
Again I get on board,
And speed past woodland, hill and lake,
And streams where cattle ford.

With dust and cinders sticking fast,
Against which I rebel,
I reach my journey's end at last
And start for the hotel.

It stands just where it did of old,
And many a guest has won,
Facing the mountains high and bold,
And basking in the sun.

The evening supper I enjoy,
And life seems glad once more ;
I see the maidens fair and coy,
The watchdog on the floor.

After a pleasant walk and rest
The band begins to play,
While youth and maiden, in their best,
Dance the glad hours away.

Fashion and beauty meet and blend,
And naught the pleasure mars ;
And when at last the sweet strains end,
I sleep beneath the stars.

After the quiet, restful sleep
I rise to pleasures new —
To climb the mountain tall and steep,
Or, as I wish, I do.

And so the days and weeks go past,
As days are wont to do,
Too happy very long to last —
Except for fortune's few.

Yet I've grown strong, feel young again,
From weariness am freed ; —
But soon a trumpet voice speaks plain,
"Back — duty calls you — speed !"

I've seen the mountains, and am glad ;
I've drunk the heavenly air ;
A long vacation I have had, —
Yet have not left my chair !

TO LET

To let: — near the fence in my yard, in a tree,
Where the breezes will rock it the whole summer long,
And where in hot days it in shadow will be,
To some bird for a nest, a bough good and strong.

The bough is now ready, with leaves overrun,
And no neighbor or foe can the nest ever wrong ;
While no favor I ask him but this simple one,
That the rent shall be paid by one glad, happy song.

SOW FLOWER SEEDS

Sow flower seeds beside your door
That soon they may come forth and bloom ;
To you the summer will mean more
If for bright buds you but make room.
Sow flower seeds about the porch
That it with beauty may o'erflow ;
So, should the sun of August scorch,
They may their cooling breath bestow.

Sow flower seeds beside the fence ;
And, if they blossom, as they will,
Then honey bees, with joy intense,
Will from their lips rich sweets distill.
Sow flower seeds within your heart,
That flowers may bloom that never fade ;
So will they be of you a part,
And life be sweeter, purer made.

THE BIRDS ARE COMING BACK

Through all the days of winter cold,
With snow and ice and frost,
The birds we loved so to behold
Have to our sight been lost;
And, though their places naught can fill,
Our hearts now nothing lack,
Because o'er meadow, stream and hill
The birds are coming back.

When autumn days grew bleak and drear,
And winds the dead leaves stirred,
Their songs died out upon our ear,
Nor have they since been heard;
We grieved when they went far away,
While skies with clouds grew black;
But joy is in our hearts today —
The birds are coming back.

They went where Southern skies were fair —
A glad and joyous throng —
And poured out on the balmy air
Their sweetest Northern song;
But hearing that our hearts are sad
Since they so distant roam,
In newer, fairer plumage clad,
Our birds are coming home.

A BRUISED AND FADED LEAF

I saw a bruised and faded leaf
Blow down the dusty way,
And, as it journeyed to its grave,
To me it seemed to say: —

Once high on yonder stately tree,
I helped to form a shade,
'Neath which the birds of summer sang,
And happy children played.

From where my brief life ran its course,
I viewed the world below,
I often heard its shout of joy
And oft its wail of woe.

The throng that daily passed me by
Composed an endless chain;
And some went by with weary feet,
Who ne'er came back again.

No troop of mourners follow me
To my last resting place,
No eulogist with studied words
My life's short record trace.

He only knows my last abode
Who called me here to be,
And when in death your head lies low,
It may be so with thee.

IMPATIENT

Somehow I feel quite ill at ease,
Now March is drawing to a close;
I am impatient for the breeze
That bears away the winter's snows.
I want to feel, upon my cheek,
The warm breath of returning Spring;
Again the brook I want to seek
Where once the robins used to sing.

I know, from 'neath the ice and frost,
The flowers to me will come again, —
The fragrant ones I loved and lost
When fell last fall the frozen rain.
And, though I must abide the time
To see what joys the Spring may bring,
The hills again I long to climb
Where once the robins used to sing.

The hill, that nearest heaven doth rise,
I want to climb, at Spring's first dawn,
And look, — and even strain mine eyes, —
To find which way her feet have gone, —
She, who to me would always cling
As we the hills oft used to climb,
Who made my life as glad as Spring
And all my days a sunlit time.

THINGS OUTSIDE ARE CALLING ME

In home just now I take no pride,
And in it find but small delight:
How can I, when all things outside
So temptingly my soul invite?

For big stuffed chairs I do not care,
They, like the carpets, dull appear,
Now that the warm, sweet, summer air
Whispers, so wooingly, "Come here!"

The rooms are cared for each new day,
And yet dust clings to everything;
While birds outside call me, and say,
"Come out awhile, and hear us sing!"

The pictures are in place, but still
In them I little beauty see,
When joyous brooks, beyond the hill,
So siren-like are calling me.

Yet, that I love my home as well
As most of men, I still insist;
But now the birds, the flowers, the dell,
Call me — and I cannot resist.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST

Read at the Houghton Exhibition, at Odd Fellows Hall, Lynn, Mass., Sept. 28th, 1894.

The years roll round; bless'd springtime comes,
On wings of cheer, o'er hill and plain;
And all that winter's chill benumbs,
She animates with life again.

The streams throw off their icy chains,
Which melt and to the ocean flow;
The clouds send down their helpful rains,
And flowers look upward through the snow.

The sun mounts his triumphant car,
And through the heavens rides in peace,
Telling to man, both near and far,
Plant now, nor question the increase.

A thousand happy singing throats
Invite him well his task to do;
And in his ears pour their best notes,
From morn till eve, the season through.

The leaves dance gaily in the trees,
To make his daily toil more light,
And every murmur of the breeze
Conspires to fill him with delight.

Encouraged by all outward things,
And knowing well his inward needs,
He turns the furrow as he sings,
Makes light the soil and kills the weeds.

He sows the seed, then patient waits
'Till it obtains the power to rise;
He sees it burst its prison gates —
Break through the earth, and greet the skies.

So, through the summer, by his care,
What he has planted swells and grows,
Aided alike by dew and air,
And all the changes nature knows.

He sees the tasseling corn grow sweet
With the rich milk the full ears hold,
Counts the large pumpkins at his feet
And feels their worth is more than gold.

He views the grain more perfect grow,
The cabbages increase each day,
And feels his cheeks with richness glow
When harvest is not far away.

Up from the earth his face he turns,
And far as eye or wish can reach,
He sees the sunbeam, as it burns
Its rich, red line on pear and peach.

The apple boughs, that yester morn
Were filled with blossoms pure and sweet,
Today with baldwins red are borne
Down, till they kiss the ripened wheat.

Since kind old nature freely pours
Her matchless gifts on every hand,
'Tis well to open wide these doors
And show the products of the land.

And, as our eyes in wonder gaze
On apple large or pansy small,
Our hearts go up in thankful praise
To Him the cause and source of all.

A BREATH OF JUNE

Across the fields, once green and fair,
Today the snow of winter blows;
Yet, thro' the cold, crisp, white-winged air,
I send to you a small red rose.

Plucked from the bush, its end and death
Whene'er it comes, will come too soon;
Yet I were happy if a breath
It yields to you of June.

COMPENSATED

Some people of the heat complain,
And think it quite unfair,
That Nature does not send some rain
To cool the sultry air;
At every one they chance to meet
They moan or cast a sigh,
But O! I like these days of heat,
And I will tell you why.

'Tis not because the roses throw
Their perfume 'round my feet,
Or that fresh salmon is sold low,
And green peas are so sweet;
'Tis not that through the stately wood
I walk alone and dream,
Or that the bubbling spring tastes good
That feeds the mountain stream.

'Tis not that 'mid the lofty trees
The singing birds appear.
Or that from out the evening breeze
Sweet music fills my ear;
'Tis not that through the fountain's spray
The stars of evening gleam,
Or that because at close of day
So cooling is ice-cream.

I love these long, sweet summer days
Because upon the street,
Going a thousand different ways,
The ladies that we meet
Their dresses dark as gloom and night
Have hid from mortal view,
And glide about with footsteps light
In garments white and new.

Though some girls may look well in blue,
And others well in pink,
While green, no doubt, becomes a few,
I very strongly think
A woman never looks so fair,
Nor so can man delight, —
Whatever others choose to wear —
As when arrayed in white.

MARCH WINDS AND APRIL BLOOM

Some people of March winds complain,
And things severe, unkindly say;
From such a course my lips refrain —
I choose to look beyond today.

This broader view I rather take;
Tho' raw, at times, may blow the breeze,
It holds the power will help to shake
The April bloom out on the trees.

NATURE'S GREETING

This is the season of the year
When nature, with her varied charms,
To those who love her would draw near
With broad, wide-open arms.

With light and merry dancing feet,
Onward toward such she gayly trips;

And for them, wheresoe'er they meet,
Has kisses for their lips.

Her voice is sweet, her step is strong,
And for all those who will but hear,
A very hopeful, cheering song
She pours into their ear.

Her touch and presence make to flow
The sluggish blood within their veins;
And all who forth to meet her go
Are well paid for their pains.

Go out to her, from street and lane;
Forget the hurry of the throng;
She brings to you, o'er hill and plain,
Life's new elixir strong.

A WHOLE DAY OFF

A whole day off, with naught to do,
Of care and labor both relieved;
A full, round day, can it be true,
Or am I cruelly deceived?

A full day off beneath the trees,
To watch the rippling stream go past;
To hear the birds and hum of bees,
And only wish that it could last.

A whole day off where skies are fair,
Where leaf and flower their joys impart;
Where peace and health are in the air,
And no ambitions goad the heart.

A full day off where nature's touch
Her quiet haunts with beauty wreathe;
A full day off, it means so much,
With naught to do but just to breathe.

THE BIRD'S REPLY

What's your mission, little bird,
To this world so cold and drear?
I with joy your songs have heard,
From my window, many a year.

Oft with thee my lunch was shared,
And you gave me good return;
Why have you so long been spared?
Please reply; I wish to learn.

Others I have seen like you,
But so soon they flew away,
While your song is ever new,
And it cheers me day by day.

First of all the birds you come,
And the longest you remain;
Tell me why, — you are not dumb;
Longer silence gives me pain.

Thus I did the birdling chide;
Thus the bird replied to me:
"Tho' the world be great and wide,
I but live to sing for thee!"

THE SNOWFLAKE

Born in the confines of a cloud,
Beyond where bird e'er soars or sings,
To be expelled before endowed
Even with aid of feet or wings,
In self I have no power to rise,
A fragile creature, weak and small;
So but one course before me lies,
Which is, alas; to fall — and fall.
Here I am happy, good and pure,
And hosts of friends are at my side;

O, how can I the thought endure
Of being anything beside!
But I must fall — this much I know,
For it is part of nature's plan
That I, a snowflake, earthward go
To be stamped out by foot of man.
Yet, 'tis not for me to complain
That I must fall, 'mid soil of earth;
In some new form I'll rise again —
In some new cloud to have new birth.

OUR NEW ENGLAND ROBIN

Sing, robin with the golden throat
And plumage soft and fair,
And let your strains of music float
Out on the warm, sweet air.

You come a herald of the spring
To greet the waking year,
And in whatever key you sing,
Your song is one of cheer.

You chant no requiem of regret
Our pulses warm to chill,
But every strain you sing is set
Our hearts with hope to fill.

You do not sing of days gone by,
Of failure and decay,
But in each effort nobly try
To joyous make today.

Although the words you strive to sing
Are not all understood,
This much of praise to you we bring —
They nothing are but good.

Thanks, robin, for your cheerful notes,
That ring New England through,

How many human hearts and throats
Could lessons learn of you.

The South may boast of birds more rare,
The West name her's with pride,
To us none can with you compare,
And we are satisfied.

WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

I wonder where are all the boys
Who usually the dooryard throng?
Why, how I miss their wonted noise!
There surely must be something wrong.

Where, too, I wonder, are the girls
Who dot the sidewalk and the lawn?
They, with their laughing eyes and curls —
I wonder where they all have gone!

Where are the babies — bless their hearts!
The babies with their faces fair;
Somehow a horror in me starts,
Since not one I see anywhere.

Where are the strong and hearty youth,
Whose look and presence gives delight?
'Tis hard to feel, yet 'tis the truth,
There is not even one in sight.

The women, too, why, where are they?
Women whose presence oft has charmed;
And here it is near close of day,
Why, really, I am quite alarmed.

Where are the men, both young and old,
Whose smile and handclasp I so need?
I pause to think, my heart grows cold;
Why, this is horrible indeed!

Both day and twilight ebb and fade,
There is not e'en a soul in reach —
Stop! It is ninety in the shade,
And everybody's at the beach.

AN APRIL FLOWER

Across the fields they walked one day,
An April day of shade and sun,
A thousand flowers stood in their way,
He plucked for her the brightest one.

She took it, but said not a word,
Nor was it wise for him to speak,
For something in her being stirred
That gave new color to her cheek.

Something that told him she was sweet,
In fact a bud of loveliness,
And soon to make her joy complete
He felt he could not tell her less.

They parted, as so many must,
For o'er one's life what one has power?
In tears today, upon her dust,
He lays the same blue April flower.

AT THE LIBRARY

One pleasant day, not long ago,
Feeling of rest in need,
I entered in, with footsteps slow,
Where people go to read.

'Twas in Lynn's public library,
A structure grand and fair,
Where just one soul, not counting me,
Sat calmly reading there.

Scores, hundreds — yes, and even more —
When they are so inclined,
To draw from knowledge's great store,
Room there can always find.

And yet, though we were there alone, —
So fair was she of face,
The room was full — the fact I own —
Her beauty filled the place.

I THINK OF THEE

When from the east the golden sun
Showers with brightness land and sea,
My purest thoughts avert toward one —
I think of thee.

At noon, when from the heavens clear
He poureth down his warmth so free,
I think of her to me most dear,
I think of thee.

At eve when sinking in the west,
Hiding his florid face from me,
I think of her my heart loves best,
I think of thee.

Sleeping or waking, day or night,
In crowded mart or fragrant lea,
To one alone my thoughts take flight,
I think of thee.

And, as through life I onward move,
To that unknown eternity,
My acts to all the world shall prove,
I think of thee.

AND YOU — JUST YOU!

I only have a few small needs,
A house, a lot or two;
A little garden free from weeds,
And you — just you!

A bed of flowers, trim and small,
Some pink, some red, some blue,
A clinging vine against the wall,
And you — just you!

A room or two, with carpets neat,
And pictures fair but few,
Would make life's outfit quite complete,
With you — just you!

A table cover, smooth and white,
Spread 'neath a roast or stew,
Would satisfy my appetite,
With you — just you!

A chair beside a modest hearth,
When my day's task was thro',
Would be all I could crave on earth—
With you — just you!

All these but one I now possess;
How well you know 'tis true,
That only one means happiness
To me — that's you!

WHEN HE IS GONE

When he is gone, how dark the night!
Nor even does the day seem bright,
When he is gone.
The birds do not pause on the wing

And 'round the old porch doorway cling,
Their sweetest songs of joy to sing, —
 When he is gone.

The roses do not seem as sweet,
Somehow, as when we used to meet,
 But he is gone.
At evening as I sit and gaze
Into the heavens with stars ablaze,
I only think of other days,
 Now he is gone.

The world at large seems far less gay,
The kitten, even, will not play,
 When he is gone.
Within my heart there is no song,
But saddest thoughts the hours prolong;
To feel a joy would do him wrong—
 When he is gone.

I wonder if he thinks of me
Today, wherever he may be,
 For he is gone.
I wonder shall I ope my eyes
Some morning, and with glad surprise
Tell him how soon my poor heart dies —
 When he is gone.

WHAT SHE WOULD ADD

“Sir, send my letters back,” she said,
As high she tossed her pretty head,
While from her eyes a beauty shone
That e'en the stoutest heart must own.

Abashed, the young man deeply sighed,
And, when he found the courage, cried:
“My own, my sweet, what have I done?
I thought that I your heart had won.”

Her arms around his neck she threw,
Close to his breast her form he drew;
And, as he gave her lips a smack,
He asked, "Why do you want them back?"

"What word would you erase, explain?
Providing you had them again?"
"O give them back, I pray, beseech,
A postscript I would add to each!"

"Though each confesses love for you,
This postscript I would add thereto:
'Without you, come what will, what may,
I cannot live another day.'"

YOUR DEAR, SWEET FACE

The day may radiant be with warmth and light,
The birds may sing and flowers bloom fair and
sweet,
The stars may glorify the heavens at night,
While all the world with pleasure seems re-
plete;
Yet, though despondent I'm not wont to be,
Deep in my heart will sorrow find a place,
If, seeking thro' the day, I do not see
Your dear, sweet face.

But, if the day be dreary, dark and cold,
And chilling rain or snow-flakes fill the air,
If skies above not e'en one bright star hold,
And angry winds be moaning everywhere,
Yet Nature's sorrows cannot sadden me,
Nor on my happiness leave e'en a trace,
If only it be given me to see
Your dear, sweet face.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE GOOD,
LIKE YOU

If all the world were good, like you,
There were no need of prison cells,
Nor armed policemen walking thro'
The streets, where oft disorder dwells.

The lawyers' fees would half be gone,
For feuds and bickerings would cease;
The sword need never more be drawn
For all the world would be at peace.

The daily papers would not flame
With crimes and scandals on each page,
And every issue would not name
Some being lost thro' love or rage.

There were no need of pulpits high,
From which men might their theories give;
For who would be afraid to die
If they were but prepared to live?

But, ah! we are not all like you,
Because with us, from foot to brow,
Passions and sins our veins run thro' —
And so things will remain as now.

Perhaps, before the day shall close,
A score will join, in one wild chime,
To ask me who it was I chose
To be the subject of my rhyme.

Can she be one of flesh and blood?
If so, where lives she? What's her name?
The world her sacred form would flood
With gleams of everlasting fame.

She is too fair, too good, too pure,
To be composed of earthly dust;
From every sin she rests secure
Upon my desk — A Marble Bust.

PEACE BE WITH YOU

Peace be with you! No matter if my breast
Shall never know an hour of quiet rest,
If strife forever rend my peace apart,
This is the worst wish coming from my heart —
Peace be with you!

No matter tho' my feet must always tread
The paths so long by thorns and brambles fed,
Or, if a sorrow's burden I must bear,
This still shall be for you my only prayer —
Peace be with you!

What tho' my friends shall prove to me untrue,
And enemies my way through life pursue,
Still will I raise my eyes to heaven and plead —
E'en tho' my hands, my heart, my soul may
bleed —
Peace be with you!

A PATH

I tread a path, tho' its extremest length
Somehow it is not now for me to know;
And so I daily, nightly, onward go,
While I have strength.

I start anew each morning when I rise,
And seldom stop or loiter by the way,
And yet the end I cannot see today,
With my dim eyes.

If filled with more sharp brambles, thorns or
dust
Than any past, that now is left behind,
It has not been revealed unto my mind, —
And so I trust.

It may be, that it leads far over hills
More steep and wild than any I have known,
And yet the anguish of no anxious moan
My bosom fills.

Because in faith the path I still pursue,
If it be filled with dangers dire or not,
Sustained and blessed in the soul-cheering
thought,
It leads to you.

THE ONE DEAR FACE

At early morn, when hurrying feet
Across the pavements come and go,
I pass into the crowded street
To note the faces that I know.

And when humanity's great tide
At noon, in all directions flows,
My heart with longings deep supplied,
I count each face that past me goes.

Again at night, with thoughtful tread,
I pace the crowded thoroughfare,
And in my eagerness am led
To scan each face that I meet there.

But, in the warmth that spring supplies,
And in the cool of autumn's rain,
With beating heart and anxious eyes,
I look and long and peer in vain.

Yet hope across my pathway gleams,
For Heaven assists me to be strong,
And sends me visions in my dreams
Of the dear face for which I long.

MAY SUNSHINE FALL ON YOU

Whate'er of ill the years for me may hold
Of darkest cloud, or damp and chilly dew,
Winds bleak in winter and in autumn cold,
May sunshine fall on you!

Tho' o'er the road 'tis doomed my feet must go
Where brambles are, and thorns the path be-
strew,
May fate with an unstinted hand bestow
Her sweetest flowers on you!

Tho' pleasure's cup my lips may never press,
And disappointment all my hopes pursue,
May peace, and health, and every happiness
Fall lavishly on you!

If toil and labor are to be my lot,
Each morning bring a burden that is new,
Tho' I by wealth and leisure am forgot,
May both be showered on you!

But if the curious should ask if e'er
I'd had a friend whom I had found untrue,
I'd ask your heart, and 'twould be my despair
To find unfaith in you.

THE REASON WHY

Why did he, holding still my hand,
Admire my cheeks and eyes of blue.
And, from my lips, a vow demand
That I to him would e'er be true?

Why did he, as we walked the shore,
And gathered shells till day grew dim,
Declare my presence became more
And more a source of joy to him?

Why, as we strolled the trees among,
Breathing the scent of flowers fair,
While birds of gayest plumage sung,
And faith and love seemed everywhere —

Why did he, sitting at twilight,
Relate to me his hopes and fears,
Till my red cheeks blanched deathly white,
And my blue eyes were drowned in tears?

And when, one night, he plucked a rose
And placed it in my wavy hair,
Why did he then to me propose —
And I accept him then and there?

Since I the reason oft have asked,
Perhaps I best the same can tell.
'Tis this, he loved me first and last,
And I had loved him long and well.

SIMPLE GIFTS

To you my gifts I like to bear,
Though they no value great possess,
A ribbon for your lovely hair —
A modest flower for your dress ;

A dainty piece of soft white lace
Around your fair neck to entwine ;
A tiny handkerchief to grace
Your rose-tipped fingers, small and fine ;

Some little trinket, or a charm,
To place within your quiet room,
To guard your sleeping hours from harm —
Your waking ones from every gloom ;

A mirror wherein you may see,
While yet the smiling day is new,
A face that is so dear to me
Because I know your heart is true.

On you small gifts I can bestow,
Because aside they are not tossed,
Although in reason well you know
How very small a sum they cost.

And, if I but the courage find
Some day to buy a simple ring,
I feel it will not be declined
Though diamonds round it do not cling.

TO A STAR

Dear little star that shines so bright,
Toward you my heart this moment leaps;
Keep watch above the roof tonight
'Neath which my precious darling sleeps,

And when the cooling breeze goes by,
Freighted with sweets from flowery vale,
Direct it to her room to fly
That she its perfume may inhale.

And when the nightingale appears,
See that near by he rests his wing,
And pours into my dear one's ear
The sweetest song that he can sing.

Should aught appear to do her harm,
Speed thou bright star to her defence,
The myriad hosts of heaven alarm,
And this shall be your recompense:

The highest praise my lips can frame
And richest thanks will I express,
Should you ask more I will yield claim
Of anything that I possess.

THE LOVER'S GOOD NIGHT

To all the world, good night! My heart
E'en now is free from pain;
To all my joy I would impart —
For we have met again.

Good night! Content I lay me down,
No more to doubtings to give place,
E'en tho' the skies upon me frown —
For I have seen her face.

To troubled thought, I bid good night!
Time's wrongs let me forget a while,
And in the present take delight —
For I have seen her smile.

Good night! How bright the future seems,
As tho' by some good angel planned,
For I believe tonight, in dreams,
That I shall touch her hand.

BEAUTIFUL TO HIM

What if the world may never lay
Its honors at your feet?
What if the crowd shall never say
Her beauty is complete.
This need not cause your anxious heart
With anguish deep to brim.
What matters it, if you are fair
And beautiful to him?

What if no sculptor's hand shall seek
To carve, in marble white,
Your form to fill the critic's mind
With wonder and delight?
What matters it, if fair or not,
Your figure round or slim,
If you are fair to one, at least—
Are beautiful to him?

What if no famous artist's brush
Shall ever seek to trace,
Upon the canvas, for the throng
The outlines of your face?
What would it all avail, I ask,
When he his task has done,
Because, what matters it to you
If you are fair to one?

What if no poet's lines proclaim
The beauty of your arms,
The whiteness of your rounded neck,
The richness of your charms?
What if the world may never say
Your eyes are bright or dim?
It is enough, since you are fair
And beautiful to him?

TELL ME

Tell me, ye flowers sweet
That, with your fragrance, bend
To kiss her pretty feet,
And all her ways attend —
Tell me, fair flowers, will she,
Whate'er the days may bring,
Will she be true to me?
From their sweet blossoming,
As bowed their heads in tenderness,
They softly answered — "Yes!"

Tell me, ye birds who wing
Her lovely garden through,
Who come to hear her sing
While yet the day is new —
Will she, ye little birds,
Who catch, from bush and tree,
The sweetness of her words,
Will she be true to me?

They sang a song, my heart to bless,
And softly caroled — "Yes!"

Tell me, ye stars of light
That set the heavens aglow,
And guard her through the night,
Do you her secrets know?
Tell me — you are not dumb —
And I will worship you,
Will she, whate'er may come,
To me be always true?
One said, "We should the truth confess,"
And then all answered — "Yes!"

Tell me, ye winds that chase
Each other past her door,
That you may touch her face
And bow her charms before —
Tell me, and tell me now,
Ere you your way pursue,
Have you e'er heard her vow
To me she would be true?
"We heard her — yes!" the winds replied;
So I am satisfied.

I WISH YOU WELL

I wish you well; no matter if to me
The coming years shall no sweet story tell,
And far from me shall fly prosperity —
I wish you only well!

I wish you well; altho' that peace of mind,
That all souls crave, no more with me may
dwell;
Even if this be so, I feel inclined
To wish you only well.

I wish you well; whate'er my failings be,
And I in little that I wish excel,

Tho' I your face on earth no more may see,
I wish you only well.

I wish you well ; I feel all that I say,
Whatever way the winds my bark propel,
About you may the brightest sunbeams play ;
Goodby ; I wish you well !

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY

She had a little plot of land,
She raked it o'er with care,
Then, with her own sweet, tender hand
She placed a rosebush there.

That bush I early learned to prize,
For I soon came to know
She, with the brown, confiding eyes,
So loved to see it grow.

She took some sticks and strands of wire,
And guarded it about,
Because it was her heart's desire
To see the flowers shoot out.

One morn I passed her cottage door,
While summer winds blew free,
When the first rose its branches bore
She plucked — and gave to me.

Ere winter three times sent her snows,
Her spirit passed away ;
And yet the fragrance of that rose
Is in my life today.

THINK IT NOT STRANGE

Think it not strange, tho' he calls not
As often as in days of yore,
Nor that you have been quite forgot
Because he enters not your door.

Of him you are no less a part
Tho' you all day see not his face,
Because for you within his heart
There is an ever 'biding place.

E'en tho' at morn or evening-tide
He does not come to talk with you
It proves not love has turned aside
Or that he is the least untrue.

Because your pathways seldom touch,
Think not his love gone to decay ;
'Tis that he loves you, oh, too much
That from you he must keep away.

GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

The hour has come when we must part for aye,
Each one to go henceforth a separate way ;
Yet, ere upon that journey long we start,
Which further bears us every day apart,
Give me your hand !

Perhaps it may not be so out of place
For me to look once more into your face,
And note if you have changed since first we met,
And, if you do with any great regret,
Give me your hand !

In doing so, it may perhaps help you
To still remember I was ever true ;
And, tho' fate has decreed that she no more
Has happiness for us like that of yore,
Give me your hand !

The moments hasten and the end draws near,
What do I see? Ah, 'tis a gathering tear.
'Tis hard as death to part from such a friend,
But earthly friendships all must have an end,
Give me your hand !

SHE COMES

She comes. I know it by the way
The flowers their perfumed wealth outpour ;
And, too, because the song birds play
About the hedges as of yore.

The sunbeams dance upon the lawn
With footsteps light as fairy feet,
While whisp'ring voices all the morn
Have told me that today we meet.

The world and all around looks bright,
Doubt and misgivings disappear ;
Well may my heart beat free and light,
She comes — I see her — she is here !

Once more I see her face and smile ;
O, gladsome day, O, hour of bliss !
Let me be silent now awhile,
For words would mar an hour like this.

THE SONGS I SING

My songs, if neither grand nor loud,
Nor any portion of them sweet,
Of them I still must e'er be proud
If they but your approval meet.
My songs for ages may not live
To be repeated far and wide ;
If they to you one joy but give,
In them I ever must take pride.

My songs may never have a place
With those that so the world delight ;
If in them you some merit trace,
I ask for them no greater height.
The songs I sing may power lack
'Mid famous songs to hold their part,
And yet I would not call them back,
If only one has touched your heart.

JUST AS SWEET

Back from her long vacation days
The summer girl once more has come,
Unchanged, no doubt, in many ways,
If she has changed in some.

Though she has slightly older grown,
She still retains a youthful air,
And even her sweet rivals own
She still is very fair.

Her eyes and cheeks with beauty glow,
And though, perhaps, we seldom meet,
This I confess, because I know —
Her lips are just as sweet.

RETURN

Return, return, the night wind sighs,
No star in all the sky I see.
I long to look into your eyes;
Why wish a truant still to be?

Return, return, the flowers fade;
Their breath I find no longer sweet.
The birds no more my heart invade,
Their songs of triumph to repeat.

Return, return, the days are weeks,
And O, the nights, how long are they!
Return, my soul in anguish speaks;
Return, and change my night to day.

Return, return, I can forget,
And none more soon than I forgive.
The heart that loved thee loves thee yet;
Return, that I again may live.

A SERENADE

Sleep, darling, sleep! May angels' wings
Fold soft above thy head tonight,
And not withdraw, till morning brings
Again to earth her golden light.

Sleep, darling, sleep; and may sweet rest
Refresh thee with its holy balm,
And heaven's great love thy guileless breast
Defend from every form of harm.

Sleep, darling, sleep! If rest complete
Ere morning breaks shall come to thee,
And bright dreams follow, — it were sweet
If they contained one thought of me.

UNDIMMED BY TEARS

The sombre color of her dress,
In which her shapely form's concealed,
In words extremely plain, express
A sorrow only partly healed.

For she has had her hour of grief;
Yet, as he thinks of her tonight,
This enters into his belief —
Tears have not made her eyes less bright.

Or, if they have, he must confess,
The more he thinks the matter o'er,
He would not even dare to guess
How bright they must have been before.

AT THE GATE

Why do you still delay?
I toil all day, and when my task it done
I journey home, and then from set of sun

'Till darkness gathers and the hour is late,
I watch for you alone beside the gate.

Why do you still delay?

Why do you still delay?
All day I try to think that when 'tis night,
When all the stars are shining clear and bright,
Your loving feet will pass the gateway through,
And I once more your fair, sweet face will view.
And yet you still delay.

Why do you still delay?
When summer comes, and decks with flowers the
plain,
I surely think that you will come again,
But autumn nears, with sheaves of ripened wheat,
And still I wait in vain, with welcome sweet;
Why do you still delay?

Why do you still delay?
If you but knew how oft and hard I pray
From me you would not, could not stay away,
But your dear feet would enter through the gate
At which for you I watch so long and late, —
And yet you still delay.

YOU SHALL NOT GO

You shall not go!
I want you near me when the morn's first beams
Break o'er a world just waking from her dreams.
I want you near when morn's bright sun is high,
And when the evening whispers night is nigh.
You shall not go!

You shall not go!
Nay, do not go! From me you must not part.
The pang would rend in twain my beating heart.

Let cruel fate take all I have beside,
But leave me you, and I am satisfied!
 You shall not go!

 You shall not go!
Though other lips may say it would be wise,
Their hearts are stone, their tongues a source of
 lies.
Around your life my highest hopes entwine.
Ah! leave me not, for you alone are mine.
 You shall not go!

WHEN I SHALL LIVE

Come to me, love, I am lonely tonight,
 Shield my bowed head from the fast gath'ring
 dew,
Then will my sadness be turned to delight —
 All my life's happiness centers in you.

Come to me, love, ere the night-wind grows cold,
 Wait not, O sweet, till the last star has set,
Come to me, love, as you oft came of old,
 And all but you I will gladly forget.

Come to me, love, ere the nightingale's song
 Spends its last note in an unanswered prayer,
Come to me, sweet, and not longer prolong
 My evening of gloom and my night of despair.

Sadness about me her shadows has thrown,
 And the relief I implore you can give.
Come to me, love, I am dying alone,
 Come to me, darling, and then I shall live.

HAD I THE GIFT

Had I the gift a song to write,
 One that the world would pause to hear,
And that would thrill with great delight
 Whoever heard it, far and near,—

Could I but write a song so sweet,
So perfect in its harmony,
That rills its measures would repeat,
As they flow onward to the sea —

Could I compose a song so pure
That brooks would join to it their lay,
And I could every bird secure
To sing its numbers night and day, —

What do you think my theme would be,
That would run all its measures thro' ?
That song in its entirety,
From first to last, would be of you!

WHEN I WAS ILL

He brought me flowers when I was ill,
And placed them where I saw them bloom ;
And all the while they used to fill
With perfume delicate my room.

I was a maiden, young and fair,
And he had culture, rank and wealth ;
The flowers, and his kindly care,
Helped lure me back to hope and health.

But now, that I am well and strong,
No more he comes — he passes by ;
And, tho' I would not do him wrong,
I wish that he had let me die.

COME TO ME TONIGHT!

Altho' the day has been a day of splendor,
And sunshine filled the world with warmth
and light,
I have not looked into your eyes so tender —
And so, dear one, O, come to me tonight!

The hours have brought their fund of joy and gladness,

And fair rewards have filled me with delight,
And yet, thro' all there was a tinge of sadness,
Since you came not — so come to me tonight!

Tho' worldly joys life's pathway may be thronging,

And human wishes gain the topmost height,
Deep in the soul there is a ceaseless longing
For something higher — so draw near tonight!

All outward things that we so prize and cherish,
Like wealth and power and glory, time will blight,

But holy thoughts you give can never perish —
So raise me to your saintly self tonight!

AT EVENTIDE

The day is drawing to a peaceful closing;
The stars the arch of heaven are breaking thro';

Beside the evening fire I sit and, dozing,
I think of only one — and that one you.

And with you, too, the day is slowly ending,
If far away or near you chance to be.

What would I give to know your thoughts are tending,

If not so lovingly, but yet toward me.

LET ME FORGET

Let me forget that you e'er said

One word to me that was unkind,

But let me try to think instead

'Twas but a fancy of my mind.

Let me forget you ever cast
On me one cold and chilling frown,
But let me seek, while life shall last,
To try and live its memory down.

Let me forget you e'er withdrew
Your hand in anger from my own,
But try to think it was not you
Who was to blame, but I alone.

Let me forget that in your breast
One thought of ill 'gainst me you set;
And well you know as I, 'twere best,
Could we both live, much to forget.

FOR THE MOST PART

I like the paths of busy men,
The crowded thoroughfare.
For the most part, though now and then,
I like to walk elsewhere.

A narrow path or winding lane
I love to wander through;
Because 'tis then, dear one, again
I seem to walk with you.

SOMEBODY MIGHT HAVE CALLED ON YOU

An hour of sunshine I had planned,
When with the day's task I was thro';
And, if you had but raised your hand,
Somebody might have called on you.

I lonesome felt as evening neared,
And thought you might be lonesome, too;
If by one sign I had been cheered,
Somebody would have called on you.

I had thought of you thro' the day,
Thought that were good and pure and true;
And, had you only looked my way,
Somebody must have called on you.

If, as I wandered up the street,
Of you I had but caught a view,
My happiness had been complete,
For then I would have called on you.

With timid steps your door I passed;
Home, on my couch myself I threw:
And there you signaled me at last —
For in my dreams I called on you.

IF IN THE YESTERDAYS

If in the yesterdays, now past and gone,
I was so thoughtless e'er a word to say
That caused you in your inmost heart to mourn,
Ah! let me wipe your tears away today.

If in past yesterdays I ever gave
A look unkind that pierced your being thro',
With stricken heart this much of you I crave,
That I today the great wrong may undo.

If in the yesterdays, that will return no more,
I e'er performed 'gainst you an act unkind,
Today I crave forgiveness at your door,
That both of us henceforth have peace of
mind.

GROWING APART

Still in the city they reside,
And quite near neighbors once were they;
But now to both one scarce could ride,
So wide apart they grow each day.

Nor have both moved, nor even one,
But, where they long have lived, abide;
And yet, as sets each day the sun,
The distance only grows more wide.

In sun and rain alike it grows,
The darkness finds it wider still,
And all the snow that winter knows,
The space between them cannot fill.

They once were more than neighbors, too,
As one scarred heart at least can show;
List while I speak these words to you:
These two were lovers years ago.

IN MEMORY

Tonight the world seems void of cheer,
Dead leaves are flutt'ring round my door;
And yet, in memory, I hear
The songs of birds once more.

The grass upon the lawn is dead,
And autumn winds across it blow;
And yet, in memory, I tread
The vale where flowers grow.

Men hurry past, as if 'twere cold;
And clouds of dust before them fly;
And yet, in memory, I behold
The meadow brook go by.

The summer days have vanished quite,
And, if to grieve, I half incline,
In memory, dear one, tonight,
I feel your hand in mine.

THE ONE WISH OF A WOMAN'S HEART

What is the one wish of a woman's heart,
So of her life it seems the only part?
Is it that she may have a face as fair
As is an angel's, soft luxuriant hair,
Eyes that the blackness of the night disclose,
And cheeks that mock the color of the rose?

Is it that she may such great wealth possess.
That she in richest silk and lace may dress,
In gowns that well may admiration claim,
That critics bow to, while their pens may blame?
That soft, white fingers be with jewels crowned,
And strings of diamonds clasp her neck around,
Servants to do her every wish and will,
While fawning fools her ears with flattery fill?

Is it that she have treasures of the mind,
Charm with her wit, to learning be inclined?
For these we find, although some may disdain,
Attract an endless concourse in their train.

Or that she may an empire's scepter sway,
And nobles to her loyal homage pay,
While music wakes, and banners fill the sky,
And subjects kneel as she goes riding by?
These could not satisfy; although possessed,
Were she not loved, her life would be unblest.
Tho' she of beauty, power and wealth have part,
Love is the one wish of a woman's heart.

ERE SHE WAS TWENTY

I met her at her father's door
Ere yet she was quite twenty,
And, of the smiles her features wore,
She gave a modest plenty.

She wore a rose like those that bud
And blossom in fine weather,
Which poured its richness like a flood
Upon us there together.

From tiny feet to shapely head
She was the soul of neatness;
And to her lips, so round and red,
There was a matchless sweetness.

You ask me how this much I know;
Well, ere more words are wasted,
I will on you the truth bestow, —
Because of them I tasted.

And though old Father Time has pressed
Upon those lips his fingers,
The sweetness which they then possessed
Around my life still lingers.

WHERE ROSES NEVER FADE

“Know you, O learned friend,
Where roses can be found
Whose beauty has no end,
But blooms the whole year round?”

He made me this reply,
With sorrow on his face:
“They bloom, then fade and die:
There is, friend, no such place.”

“Then let me tell you, friend,
Where roses sweet abound,
Whose beauty does extend
The long year’s hours around.

'Tis not so far from here,
In rain and bright sunshine,
They bloom through all the year —
On Annie's cheeks divine."

I WOULD THAT YOU WERE HERE

Thousands I meet upon the street each day,
As to my task I press my lonely way,
But none of all the faces that I see,
One-half as beautiful as yours to me,—
I would that you were here!

Of those I know upon the thoroughfare,
Some have red cheeks, and others lovely hair,
Teeth white as snow, and eyes as violets blue,
But, 'mong them all, there is not one like you,—
I would that you were here!

Once more I would your loving face behold,
And hear you speak one word, Sweet, as of old;
Without your presence life is desolate,
And this is why, from morn till evening late,
I wish that you were here.

TO ST. VALENTINE

St. Valentine, I understand,
Tho' you are good at heart,
You have so very much on hand
You must neglect a part;
But, as last year no valentine
Did I receive from you,
I hope this year you will incline
To send me one—or two.

I do not think much of the kind
Made of poetic feet;

The ones best suited to my mind
Have lips both red and sweet.
As last year you forgot me quite,
In this let us agree,
If you would make the matter right,
Just send me two — or three.

The color of their hair, their eyes,
If they be brown or blue,
I leave to you, who are too wise
An unwise thing to do;
But let me caution you at least —
Send them not by a dunce,
Because my joy might be decreased
Should they all come at once.

FORGOTTEN

Think not of me, but join the merry throng,
To whom each hour the world new pleasures
bring.

Yes, let your voice join in the happy song,
Nor think of me, whose heart no more can sing.

Mix, thou, with those whose hearts are gay and
light,

E'en when the world is wrapped in slumber
deep;

Nor spend on me one passing thought tonight;
What matters it, if I am sad and weep?

Go, join the throng of fashion, near or far,
Where wealth sits on her ever-dazzling throne;
Nor let one thought of me your pleasure mar;
Think not of me, what if I am alone?

Go, listen to the flattering voice of praise,
Where polished words are spoken for effect;
Nor turn toward me one thought of other days,
E'en though I die, because of your neglect.

If this be fate, let fate her work fulfil;
And, though, toward me, your thoughts no
longer flow,
'Gainst you, I will not breathe one word of ill,
For I have loved, and I still love you so.

BE RECONCILED

If, thro' the day, a diff'rent view
Was yours from that of those you met,
And heated words of anger flew,
That it seemed hard to quite forget,
Ere yet the day draws to a close,
Be you a woman, man or child,
Before you seek the night's repose —
Be reconciled!

If, in the hurry and the haste
That marks your strife for bread or gain,
Even one unkind look you placed
'Twixt you and some one whom 'twill pain,
Before the sun has wholly set,
Which thro' the day in heaven has smiled,
In penitence your act forget —
Be reconciled!

'Tis true alike we cannot see,
Because we each have diff'rent eyes,
And so we often disagree,
And angry thoughts and words arise;
But, when the feverish day is o'er,
And evening comes with whispers mild,
Let us be angry then no more —
But reconciled!

LONGINGLY TOWARD YOU

All day with hand and brain I've wrought;
But now, at last, my task is thro',
And I have time for one sweet thought —
My heart turns longingly toward you.

Yes; I've been busy all the day,
But, that my duties now are o'er,
If to my wish I should give way,
How gladly would I seek your door,

And look into your face so sweet;
And yet, in truth, I have to own
'Tis better that we should not meet,
And so tonight I am alone.

Yes, all alone I sit tonight,
The past in silence to review,
And, tho' that brings me some delight,
My heart turns longingly toward you.

SING ME A SONG IN THE MORNING

Come, sing me a song in the morning,
While the day, like my hope, is new;
Whose words will fill me with courage,
That will thrill me through and through —
A song with a hopeful measure,
One heroic and brave and strong,
With notes that will stir my being —
That will cheer me all day long.

If the song for which I am pleading —
Your dear song, at the dawn, so sweet —
You sing, I shall go forth to duty
Light of footstep, but sure and fleet.

And then, when my tasks are ended,
And the long day has taken wing,
At evening a song of triumph
To you I will come and sing.

NO ROOM FOR MINE

Oh, dear! she wears so many rings
Upon her shapely hands,
Which are such very lovely things
They need no golden bands;
It seems to me they only mar
Their perfect grace and ease,
Because her hands perfection are
Without such things as these.

They have a sparkle bright and new,
At morning and at night,
And some, no doubt, their wealth would view
With wonder and delight;
Each diamond flashes with a glow
Of native worth and art,
And yet their lustre does not throw
A halo 'round my heart.

Of them the wearer seems quite proud,
And holds them out to view,
Then 'round them forms a misty cloud
Mine eyes cannot see through;
And so to them, though rich and rare,
My soul does not incline,
Because upon her fingers fair
There is no room for mine.

BIRTHDAY VERSES WITH FLOWERS

These flowers, by springtime made so fair,
Products of earth and air and sun,
I send, to deck your neck and hair,
The day that you are twenty-one.

And, when their fragrance, long or brief,
On wings unseen shall fade and flee,
Preserve, in love, each falling leaf,
In memory of the day and me.

COME AND MAKE UP

Come and make up, while yet 'tis day;
The sun speeds onward in his path,
The morn hath flown, noon's passed away;
Let not the day close on your wrath.

Smile and make up; the moments speed,
And none has power to stay their flight;
O, give the smile — I so much need,
Ere fall the shadows of the night.

Speak and make up; O, let me hear
One brief word from your lips again,
That from my heart may pass all fear,
Ere darkness mantles hill and plain.

WHATE'ER FOR ME THE YEARS UNFOLD

Whate'er for me the years unfold
Of tumult or unrest,
Within my heart the wish I hold
That yours with peace be blest.

If in the way my feet must go
Sharp thorns and briers be found,
This wish I hasten to bestow —
May flowers in yours abound.

Tho' of life's bitter herbs I taste,
And feel the world's deceit,
In true sincerity I haste
To wish you all things sweet.

If lofty plans and hopes of mine
The future years undo,
May fortune's favors so combine
Success may come to you.

If poverty must be my part,
And sorrow with me dwell,
With all I am of mind and heart,
I still must wish you well.

SMOKE-RINGS

From where he rests, at set of sun,
Her dwelling stands not far away;
Up through whose chimney smoke-rings run,
And chase each other in their play.

And, as on airy wings they rise,
And toward the sky in blackness roll,
A feeling he cannot disguise
Disturbs the quiet of his soul.

Because the lines his muse awoke,
And which were penned with so much care,
He feels are mingling with the smoke
Ascending on the evening air.

How could she to the flames consign
The words in which his soul found vent,
Since stored within each measured line
There was for her a compliment?

Had he but practiced less deceit,
And told her all, instead of part,
The words, in ashes at her feet
Perhaps had warmed and won her heart.

WE SHOULD BE FRIENDS

We should be friends ; so let not foolish pride
Come in between, our pathways to divide.
Life's short at best, and, long as we shall live,
Each needs the aid the other well may give ;
We should be friends.

We should be friends. What if an idle word
An angry feeling in the heart has stirred?
On one small word lay not too great a stress,
But noble be, and this one fact confess —
We should be friends.

We should be friends. Then let us now renew
That friendship that, of old, was warm and true.
Tho' others change, let us in this agree,
If long or short our day of life may be,
We should be friends.

Let us be friends! The anguish we have known
Will, for our error, graciously atone.
Give me your hand, and, on this sacred night,
Let us renew our pledge with keen delight —
We will be friends.

WITH ADDED INTEREST ON THE LOAN

Today you have been kind indeed ;
In you I found a good, warm friend ;
Tomorrow should you be in need
Some aid to you I may extend.

Today of one thing I had lack ;
You freely gave me of your own ;
Tomorrow I may pay you back,
With added interest on the loan.

You gave me sympathy, that's all,
And yet my need you understood;
Tomorrow I on you will call,
In hopes to make the favor good.

And when I have grown strong once more,
And fears and doubts no longer know,
Need you the same, knock at my door,
Of all I have I will bestow.

TRUE FRIENDS

True friends are scarce; so, should you find
One worthy to be classed as such,
Consider Heaven has been most kind
To vouchsafe unto you so much.

I mean a friend whose love for you
No magnet 'neath the skies can part,
And leave a cruel world to view
The anguish of your wounded heart.

Those friends are rare; how very few,
That we call friend, deserve the name!
The friendship such as Damon knew
Time teaches us but few can claim.

A friend, the main spoke of whose creed
Is fealty while you plenty know,
And shirks you in an hour of need,
Is more than twenty times a foe.

We tell of friendship's golden chain —
A theme a school-girl might essay;
But, when life's shadows come, and rain,
How quick the bright links break away.

The Pharisees to Judas gave
A most contemptible reward,

Which pleased him so he played the knave —
Not unto man, but to his Lord.

In words we him no quarter give,
Nor do we question as to fact;
And yet, by the poor lives we live,
We more than half applaud the act.

Then, since we are constructed so,
That best of hearts are set on greed,
True friends, if such we have below,
Are scarce, — are very scarce indeed.

NOT ALONE

To labor hard, to labor long,
Preparing plans in nice detail,
To feel that you are brave and strong —
Then, should you fail,
Let not your energies abate;
Many have met a kindred fate.

To struggle hard to win a place,
Claiming the right a place to choose,
Then hosts of obstacles to face —
Then, should you lose,
Remember, you are not alone,
For thousands the same fate have known.

To school yourself for any fight,
And in your plans to be discreet,
To feel your cause is just and right —
If comes defeat,
Remember, few their goal attain
Who have not heart to rise again.

HIS HOME

With heavy steps he sought my side
And asked a loan to buy some bread ;
Said I, "Sir, where do you reside?"
And this is what the old man said :

"My house is very high and long,
Yet is not furnished with a door ;
While the foundation's deep and strong,
There are no carpets on the floor.

"To some it looks so quaint and strange,
For part is new and part is old ;
But has no furnace and no range
To keep me warm when I am cold.

"From it the sun I ne'er see rise ;
Within it there is not a bed ;
In winter when the cold snow flies,
It falls upon my aged head.

"Thousands crowd in it all the day,
As if, like me, they had the right ;
But go, tho' where I cannot say,
And leave me when 'tis late at night."

"Yes, come," said I, "some bread to buy ;
And I your family will meet."
"No wife nor child," said he, "have I,
For here's my home — this city street."

WHERE IT LEADS

Upon a road with thorns and briers o'ergrown,
And rough with many a sharp, protruding stone,
A traveler one cheerless day I met,
Whose face and words I never shall forget.

His streaming locks were wet with dew and rain ;
His speech was simple, and his manners plain ;
Faded and old the garments that he wore,
And bent his form beneath the load he bore.

His face with many a season's sun was tanned,
And, with the staff within his trembling hand,
He journeyed on, o'er rock and brier alone,
Without a sigh, a murmur or a groan.

His aged eyes were kindled with a fire
That told his breast contained but one desire ;
And as his face in wonderment I scanned,
He grasped and shook me warmly by the hand.

"This is a rugged road," said I ; said he,
With smiles, "It does not seem, sir, so to me,
For, just beyond its cold and stony gates,
It leads to where my precious darling waits."

O, traveler o'er life's hard and rugged road,
Bent down beneath the burden of your load,
Take heart, for just beyond its stony gates
Some idol of your heart, some darling waits.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS

Heaven pity him, whate'er his name,
Or where his wealth begins or ends,
Who 'mong his treasures, cannot claim
A little group of faithful friends —

Friends who, when sorrow's night is near,
Come with a soft angelic tread
To drop the sympathetic tear,
And scatter blessings 'round your head.

Friends who, when sickness burns the brain,
Some word of comfort will impart,

To make less sharp the blighting pain,
And cheer the half despondent heart.

A gift of fruit, a flower, a bud,
Proffered by hands whose worth we know,
With peace the anxious mind may flood,
And many an inward joy bestow.

How poor the service wealth can buy,
Experience makes us to confess,
Compared with that which friends supply,
Who come to us when in distress.

Kind heaven, what e'er of loss or gain
Be mine till life's last hour ends,
As true as now may they remain —
My little group of faithful friends.

TRUE WEALTH

'Tis a false doctrine, and most grave,
And yet 'tis taught us every day,
That men grow rich by what they save,
And poor by what they give away.

Yet, to say this I now make bold,
And hope my words with you may live;
Men's wealth is not in what they hold,
But in what to the world they give.

THY NEIGHBOR

Who is thy neighbor? All who need
The care and comfort you can give,
Despite their country or their creed,
Despite the land in which they live.

Who is thy neighbor? They whose eyes
Are dimmed by sorrow, pain and grief;

These claim thy sympathy ; arise,
And carry to such souls relief.

Thy neighbor, he whose bleeding feet
Need shelter from the winter's cold, —
Who gives such shoes, or bread to eat,
Have a reward worth more than gold.

Who is thy neighbor? She whose way
With thorns and brambles sharp are fraught ;
Go ! smooth that hard rough road today,
And both to heaven are nearer brought.

Thy neighbor, he whose honest name
The thrusts of scandal deep have slain —
Fly to him, and, in love, proclaim
That this world's hate is heavenly gain.

Who is thy neighbor? All who need
The care and comfort you can give ;
Despite their country or their creed —
Despite the land in which they live.

BOTH MAY BE WRONG

You have your views, and think them right,
And hold them closely to your heart ;
In mine I take no less delight,
And yet our views are wide apart.

That yours are right, you should maintain ;
And I for mine may argue long ;
Yet we from fighting should refrain,
Because, perhaps, we both are wrong.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

It matters little, dear young man, where your
grandsires were born,
Or if your great-greatgrandfather read law or
planted corn;
Nor does it matter much today what your grand-
mother knew,
But what the world desires to know is — What
is there to you?

Your father's uncle may, perhaps, have, 'neath
Napoleon,
For deeds of valor in the field, enduring honors
won;
Some of your mother's ancestors may have
pierced Cæsar through,
But what the world asks now, young man, is —
How much can you do?

Perhaps some of your ancestors, with saber or
with gun,
Helped rout the English forces from the plains of
Lexington;
Or else, perchance, at Bunker Hill, their swords
with valor drew,
But, what the world today demands, is service
good from you.

Your mother's uncle may have been a soldier
brave and great,
Have made some great discovery or colonized a
state;
Or, with the thousands that he made, some col-
lege have endowed;
But what, young man, have you e'er done of
which the world feels proud?

There is no harm for you, young man, your line-
age to trace

Back to some mighty giant mind, whose deeds
have blessed the race,
But, — let me whisper this to you in a soft under-
tone —
If you a laurel wreath would wear, weave for
yourself your own!

IF WE BUT KNOW

Of us the world kind things may say,
Or all its wealth of praise remove.
To it we small attention pay
If, what we are, true hearts approve.

The world may deem us small or great,
But, whiche'er way the verdict tends,
The height and depth of our estate
Chiefly in one begins and ends.

If we be foolish or be wise,
We somehow feel it matters not,
If by but one, with loving eyes,
A moment we are ne'er forgot.

The world's high praise is very sweet,
We court it, I the same as you ;
And yet our joy is quite complete
If we but know one heart is true.

WHAT YOU MUST BE

If, among those who by you firm have stood,
And whom it has been your delight to know,
There is one soul who thinks that you are good,
That fact alone will help to keep you so.

If, as each day you patiently pursue
The various tasks committed to your hands,
You feel there is one soul that thinks you true,
That thought your breast with faithfulness ex-
pands.

If there be some one who believes you brave,
Whatever judgment others may bestow,
You never can become a willing slave
To anything that's either mean or low.

If there be one who thinks that you are strong,
Though unkind lips may of you lightly speak,
'Twould be most difficult that one to wrong,
And do an act that proved that you were weak.

So, if into your life some ill be wrought,
And partial failure oft your efforts mar,
Largely in action, and likewise in thought,
You must be what your true friends think you
are.

WHEN YOU RESOLVE

When you resolve a kindly word to say
To some sad soul, from whom all hope has fled,
An angel's wing above your head will play
Ere half the word be said.

When you resolve some kindly act to do,
Tho' it be early morn, or set of sun,
An unseen power will come to strengthen you,
And, lo! it is half done.

When you resolve in the right path to go,
If it be noon, or rosy dawn of day,
A hand, unseen by you, your course will show
And guide you all the way.

When you resolve you will stand firm and strong,
Although temptations strive for your defeat,
To your brave soul a new power will belong
To make your strength complete.

ANOTHER DAY

For me another dawning breaks,
Another day its door swings wide;
The opportunity it makes
With good or evil to abide.

Another day to live is mine;
A time to think, to do, to dare,
To follow out a brave design,
Or for some foot to set a snare.

I wake to see another morn;
To choose the path my feet shall press,
To pluck from out some heart a thorn,
Or seek for self some small success.

So whoe'er has another day —
If it be I, or it be you —
Also has power to choose the way
That he will go — what he will do.

IN A LIBRARY

This is my inn. 'Tis here I sip
Rich draughts that mightiest hands have
poured;
And ever when I wet my lip,
I add new jewels to my hoard.

This is my inn. 'Tis here I feast
On richest treasures e'er arrayed;
A fitting place to be, at least,
Because each hour I'm stronger made.

This is my inn. 'Tis here I rest,
And, if in sleep my eyes I loose,
My dreams are ever of the best,
And I awake with broadened views.

UPON THE THRESHOLD

Upon the threshold of today,
With steps half faltering, I stand;
Nor can my eyes discern the way
The unknown years for me have planned.

I cannot tell if straight or not
The path unseen my steps shall find,
If it shall be with sorrow fraught
Or, better far, with flowers lined.

How many rocks it may contain
To bar my way I can but guess;
Nor is it yet to me made plain
Against what thorns my feet may press.

If, on my way, perchance I fall,
Or on some grander level touch,
Unto the world it may seem small,
But, ah! to me it means so much.

Yet I must venture out and on,
Tho' I cannot tell foe from friend,
Until the whole round day be done,
The way o'er which my steps shall tend.

But, tho' my ignorance I plead,
This much at least 'tis mine to know —
Ere I was born it was decreed
The very way my steps must go.

YOU MAY BE WRONG

You may be wrong.
If you believe that you are right,
Then hold to your opinions tight;
Let neither flattery nor fear
Take from you what you hold most dear;
And yet, if others should refuse
To coincide with all your views,
They have the right.

You may be wrong.
No doubt you say, with honest pride
That you are fully satisfied,
Though others argue loud and long,
The views you hold cannot be wrong.
For you have tested them, and found
You stand alone on solid ground;
You may be right.

You may be right.
No one will say you should not be
Grounded in your sincerity.
Yet men, who vow that they are right,
Hold views from you the opposite.
And, since the two cannot agree,
Perhaps you'd best admit with me,
You may be wrong.

THEIR OWN WAY

How awfully clever some people appear!
They salute you with smiles and with words of
good cheer,
They hail you as some one quite worthy to meet,
And that you should visit their homes they en-
treat.
This will last just as long — as you'll find out
some day —
As you're willing to let them all have their own
way.

They own that your family-tree is all right,
Your mind and ideas exceedingly bright;
They laud your abilities, genius and skill,
And tell you how well you some office could fill.
They praise the good taste you display in your
dress
And wish that they, too, might the same gift
possess;

They tell you some day you'll be wealthy, no
doubt,

Because for a millionaire you were cut out.

They like your abode, and they praise all you do,
And they think that of this life you take the
right view.

But some of these people that flatter you so
In a very short time may a change undergo.

Sometimes in a second they change their whole
song;

What they thought was all right, they now think
is all wrong;

And, though you were goodness and honor be-
fore,

Now against you forever will close fast the door.
This you'll surely discover with sorrow some
day —

When you've firmly refused they shall have their
own way.

THE WORLD HAS USED ME PASSING WELL

Come not to me with words so sympathizing,
Nor at my failure your great sorrow tell;
For, deep within me, is a voice uprising,
Which says the world has used me passing
well.

Tho' I have failed to reach as high a station
As many have, or even to excel,
Unlike Othello, I've an occupation,
And, on the whole, the world has used me well.

Altho' I have been lied about and hated,
And some have thought they heard my fun'ral
knell,

My work misjudged, my labors underrated,
I live to own kind friends have used me well.

I have had more than comes to many mortals,
So my best instincts with emotions swell,
And tho' thro' wealth's and fame's imposing portals

I have not passed, I have been used quite well.

Then come not, friend, with words of sympathizing,

Nor at my failure your great sorrow tell;
For, deep within me, is a voice uprising,
Which says the world has used me passing well.

WHERE FEW LIVE

Wherever you journey, by night or by day,
A number of folks you will meet on the way
Who hurry along at a feverish pace,
In order to reach a much sought after place.

They push and they jostle, the lean and the fat;
Some think 'tis in this town and some 'tis in that;
They travel and journey on, year after year,
And yet to its borders few ever draw near.

The guideboards, that point to the place that I mean,

The eye of no mortal hath ever yet seen;
So every one journeys along as he may,
While hundreds and thousands get lost on the way.

In trying to reach it some trip over stones,
And the air is oft rent with sighs and with groans;
And yet very few at their side will remain
Until they their strength and their footing regain.

You may wonder what place I have in my mind ;
This is strange ; 'tis the one you are trying to find.
Your parents, no doubt, sought its wonders to
view —

The place that is only enjoyed by a few.

Perhaps you may find it, perhaps you may not.
But the name of the place so anxiously sought,
And which is e'er reached by so very few feet,
Is the cool shady side of far-famed Easy street.

TRAVEL'S RECOMPENSE

The man who leaves the narrow grooves
That bound his every day's events,
And out, into the great world, moves,
Secures a lasting recompense.

Cities to see, that hands and wills
Have reared on a gigantic plan,
The mind with greater knowledge fills,
And molds one to a larger man.

To set one's foot on foreign shores,
And meet with men of other lands,
To hear them talk beside their doors,
One's heart and intellect expands.

In friendliness the hand to strike
Of those who dwell in distant parts,
And find all men are quite alike,
The pulse to quicker action starts.

To mix with those of diff'rent views,
Assimilating what is good,
Is half our bigotry to lose,
And helps complete earth's brotherhood.

YOUR TIME IS WORTH FAR MORE ELSEWHERE

If you should meet one in a throng
Who would your feet with sin ensnare,
'Twere better you should move along —
Your time is worth far more elsewhere.

When passing down the crowded street,
You see men fighting, hear them swear,
'Twere best to move with footsteps fleet —
Your time is worth far more elsewhere.

Should you o'erhear the gossips talk,
Laying the faults of others bare,
'Twere well to hurry down the walk —
Your time is worth far more elsewhere.

And so, where'er you chance to be,
And aught that harms you find is there,
You surely must agree with me —
Your time is worth far more elsewhere.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

We laugh and we joke till our mirthfulness
reaches

The man who is never too busy to stop,
When fixing for market his new crop of peaches,
To place a few choice ones quite near to the
top.

We mock him at night, and deride him at dinner,
And say that the fellow had ought to be hung;
We believe him debased, and call him a sinner,
And every harsh name that is known to the
tongue.

We sit like a jury, his practice reviewing,
And at his poor head our anathemas fling;
Yet who among us is not every day doing,
In some other channel, about the same thing?

Be thoughtful while now I your answer am bidding,
Mark the poor and the rich, the fair and refined,
And tell me the number of those you find hiding
The best that they have with the worst from
mankind.

No doubt you have thought of this matter quite
often,
As you have been quietly looking about,
And noticed how few hearts with penitence softened
While the side that is best they are apt to put
out.

The woman whose hair to the silvery is tending,
Although 'tis a part of Dame Nature's great
plan,
A few fleeting moments is often seen spending
To keep the gray threads hid as long as she
can.

A man for the woman he loves to adoring,
Dresses up in his best suit of tailor-made black,
But when he has won her he's often found snoring
In an old pair of overalls pieced in the back.

The sleek politician would pass for perfection
As he tells you of laws that ought to be framed,
But when he at last has secured his election,
By the opposite side too oft he is claimed.

The merchant, the sale of his wares to make
faster,
The best that he has in his windows will show,
The fence with advertisements thickly will plaster,
Which tell he is selling for cost, and below.

The shoemaker, wishing to please his fair neighbor,
Will praise her small feet and the sizes mark down;
In this way he gets a good price for his labor,
And wins the respect of all ladies in town.

The newspaper editor oft is found telling
About the good things that will shortly appear;
The best door is always in front of the dwelling,
The swill-tub is always kept well in the rear.

Since mankind at large, in some way or other,
Are doing the same as the man with the fruit,
Against this offence of our ambitious brother
Perhaps we had best keep a little more mute.

STILL FASHIONABLE

No matter how the fashions change for women
or for men,
One style there is the same today as it has always
been;
This year dame fashion may decree a dress must
be made loose,
And next year, that it shall be tight, finds for it
an excuse;
This season's fashion plates may show a curve
must mark the hat;
And, in three months, for reasons good, the same
must be made flat;
And yet whatever quirks or frills fashion for us
may choose,
It is considered stylish yet for folks to go in twos.

A carriage that must now be high, next season
must be low,
So oft from one absurd extreme we to the other
go;

It may be quite the thing today to paint a dwell-
ing white,
While next year nothing short of brown would be
considered right ;
This year the rich must go on foot, next year
must drive or ride ;
This season we may all play whist, next year
our cards must hide.
And yet tho' fashion claims the right to weekly
change her views,
I notice people still insist in traveling in twos.
A game that's fashionable now, and pleases every
one,
Before another week shall end perhaps has had
its run ;
This year, beside the deep blue sea, we view the
fisher's net,
Next year we go as far away from it as we can
get.
And, tho' I am a sober man, it often makes me
smile,
That' mong the changes fashion makes folks stick
to one old style ;
I mean the one old Adam set, ere he did Eden
lose,
When he and Eve went hand in hand and they
walked forth in twos.

THE OBSCURE MAN'S CONSOLATION

Of me the great world ne'er has heard,
Yet I in this am somewhat blessed,
My lowly state has never stirred
Envy in any human breast.

And if I do not feel inclined
To strive some mighty part to play,
In this I consolation find,
I stand not in another's way.

If I ne'er seek wealth's lofty height,
One thing at least I feel and know:
Rivals do not scheme day and night
To bring about my overthrow.

And if I am of lowly birth,
And a retiring life have led,
I doubt if there is on the earth
One soul that wishes I was dead.

To make this great earth theirs alone,
Men have their days in scheming passed,
But we the stubborn fact must own —
Old mother earth gets all at last.

HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO BE A MAN

How much it means to be a man,
In hand and heart complete,
Made up upon the broadest plan
From crown of head to feet.

To be a man, secure and strong,
With what is best in touch;
To be too brave to act a wrong;
Ah, this indeed means much!

It means how much a man can be
When not for self he lives,
But, working out his destiny,
Himself for others gives.

To be a man, with powers trained,
With passions 'neath control;
Life's loftiest heights are surely gained
By such a mighty soul.

To be o'er pride and self supreme,
For earth some good to plan —
While others for this wait and dream —
Be thou at once that man!

THINGS WE ARE GOING TO DO

Whate'er we have done in the days that have
passed,
Toward making a fortune or name,
If for years they endure, or but for a day last,
For them we but small merit claim;
But, of the great things we have cherished and
planned,
We take a far different view —
The things we feel sure will eternally stand —
The things we are going to do.

Though a work we have done that merits some
praise,
Work we did amid sunshine and storm,
We longingly turn our attention and gaze
To the deeds we intend to perform;
For, although some things we have done in days
past,
That with pleasure we proudly review,
Still our anchor of hope we continue to cast
Round the things we are going to do.

Have we built a great town, or a house, or a
rhyme,
That people can praise or admire,
Still we anxiously look far ahead to the time
When we shall build better and higher;
And yet if for riches, or honor, or sport,
This phantom we ever pursue,
We find, at life's end, we have fallen far short
Of the things we intended to do.

IN BLACK

Spring, in her garden, walks with pure delight
And beautifies with flowers that naught of
brightness lack ;
But she, whose eyes look on them, morning, noon
and night,
Is dressed in sombre black.

Amid her many trees, with opening buds o'er-
hung,
The joyous song-birds wind a sweet, melodious
track,
But her heart's lyre, once musical, remains un-
strung,
And she is clothed in black.

It may be that, some time, the bright incoming
years
Will, to her spirit sad, bring its warm sunshine
back,
When she will wipe away the remnant of her
tears,
And put aside her black.

If not, no doubt at last beyond time's rolling tide,
Where there are no more tears, and hearts are
always light,
Her garments dyed in black will all be laid aside,
And she wear spotless white.

A BRIGHT FRIEND

Some say this world of ours is cold ;
'Tis not so, I contend,
At least I find, though somewhat old,
I still have one warm friend.

When I sit down to read at night,
After a day of toil,

I find my friend both warm and bright,
And slick and smooth as oil.

The drifting snow outside I hear,
The winds in anger blow,
Yet why need I the cold storm fear?
My friend is all aglow.

The fuel on the open hearth
May be as black as night,
And yet of warmth there is no dearth,
My friend floods me with light.

The radiators may be cold,
The cookstove chilly, too,
And yet my friend will e'er make bold
To still be warm and true.

Without this friend, whom I admire,
The world to me were cold;
But, as things are, 'tis my desire
A different view to hold.

So come what will of wind or storm,
Let nights be raw and damp,
I have one friend, tried, true and warm,
In my big evening lamp.

NOT INTRODUCED

At summons of the self same bell,
Whose notes they had heard o'er and o'er,
And which they loved extremely well,
They passed within the same church door.

They struggled hard their minds to free
From earth and all its various cares;
Alike they humbly bent the knee
And joined aloud in the same prayers.

The joy that it is theirs to know
Who have a faith secure and strong,
Made their warm hearts to overflow
As they joined in the self-same song.

Their willing alms each Sabbath day
Were side by side devoutly laid,
And went forth on their righteous way,
Earth's poor and needy ones to aid.

And though each week, from lips most wise,
Alike they the same teachings heard,
Great as, perchance, is your surprise,
They ne'er exchanged a single word.

Truth in each heart great joy awoke,
While error made their spirits sad ;
Yet, to each other they ne'er spoke ;
No introduction having had.

I wonder, if it be our lot
To gain that higher life of bliss,
Formalities will be forgot
That mar much of the joy of this.

I wonder if, beyond the skies,
Being in robes immortal clad,
We others ever recognize
Who have no introduction had.

For, if they do, I freely hold,
Though some may think it rather queer,
That members of one flock and fold
Might recognize each other here.

HELP US LAUGH

Ye bards, who have the power to weave
Such magic round us by your rhymes,
Seek not always to make us grieve,
But help us laugh sometimes.

To ope the fountain of our tears
We do not need your magic touch,
For now, among our greater fears,
Is that we weep too much.

You, who can sing in any key
That human hearts have ever set,
Shout out a song of melody
To help us grief forget.

You know that there is too much gloom,
So push it, by your songs, aside,
And thus prepare a larger room
For sunshine to abide.

Since many of us are aware
That life too sober is by half,
Our fears and troubles from us scare
And try to help us laugh.

MY RIVAL

I meet him almost every day,
As I to business go,
Within his buggy or his sleigh,
And we each other know ;
And if the day be dry or wet,
And mud the ways defile,
My rival I have ne'er seen yet
Without his winning smile.

Whatever he may leave behind,
His watch or finger ring,

There is one thing I call to mind
He ne'er forgets to bring ;
No matter if the winter's snow
The roads with big drifts pile,
Or if the winds terrific blow —
He ne'er forgets his smile.

Others I meet with downcast eyes,
And faces void of cheer ;
Their look your morning hopes would blast
And fill your heart with fear.
But, ah ! my rival is too wise
To do a thing so vile,
So, when we meet, his very eyes
Are radiant with a smile.

Though I admire sweet cheerfulness,
I often think, if he
Did not such winning ways possess,
I would more prosperous be ;
Think not it is our wish or plan
To win the same fair maid,
For he — the smiling little man —
My rival is, in trade.

TOMORROW ALL MAY BE REVERSED

Because the sky looks black and drear,
And not a star shines forth tonight,
It does not as a fact appear
Tomorrow's sun may not be bright.

Because tonight you have some doubt
That brings to you a sorrow, yet
It does not prove hope's lamp is out,
Nor that its joyous star is set.

If you tonight a little grieve,
Because you failed some prize to clasp,

Tomorrow in yourself believe,
And you the envied prize may grasp.

If friends today you thought were true
Have caused you grief by their deceit,
It follows not tomorrow you
A friend most worthy may not meet.

So, if whate'er the day has brought
Has seemed to be but of the worst,
Tonight find comfort in the thought
Tomorrow all may be reversed.

THE OLD SPECKLED HEN

John Highlow lived not fifty miles from here,
Was large of heart and in his faith sincere,
He was a farmer very well to do,
And had a wife devoted, kind and true.
But yet one sin life's devious ways beset,
She was inclined to worry and to fret,
'Bout this or that, servants or hired men,
But just now 'bout a poor old speckled hen.

The rounding year had on their efforts smiled.
The great barn loft with sweetest hay was piled.
The yellow pumpkins 'neath September's skies
Had grown to more than their accustomed size.
The honey bees had bounteous sweets distilled,
And ripening apples all the orchard filled.
But in her heart there was no joyous song;
The hen with many speckles had gone wrong.

The various crops in garden and in field
Had given forth a more than generous yield.
The sheep and cattle both had multiplied,
And in the house and barn were laid aside
A good supply of all they made or grew
To meet their wants the coming winter through.

Yet she could find no comfort night or day.
The speckled hen had laid her eggs away.

And so one day when to her house there came
An aged friend, we will not call by name,
And frankly asked how they were prospering
now,

Poor Mrs. Highlow knit her anxious brow,
And bowing down her discontented head,
Forgetting all the blessings round her spread,
Declared that she was awfully distressed,
The speckled hen had gone and hid her nest.

And so it is too many souls possess
The same great weakness that caused her distress.
The little ills that life's pathway beset
We magnify, and o'er them fume and fret.
With eyes downcast and half despondent tread,
We overlook the blessings round us spread.
'Tis true alike of women and of men,
And every life has its old speckled hen.

IF YOU BUT WILL IT SO

You can be something if you will,
The years to you the way will show,
In life some station you may fill
But you must will it so.

Your rise may not be quite as fast
As hasty folks might wish to go,
But you can reach the height at last
If you but will it so.

'Tis useless to sit idly down ;
Into your work your whole self throw,
Success at last your hopes will crown
If you but will it so.

NOT WITH FOLDED HANDS

He, who would win in life's great race,
And bear a victor's part,
Must start with a determined pace,
And courage in his heart.
'Tis perseverance, nothing less,
That victory commands,
While he the prize will ne'er possess
Who sits with folded hands.

He, who would win in life's great fight,
And wear the victor's crown,
Must throw into his task his might,
And ne'er sit idly down;
With care and skill his weapons choose,
Whose use man's strength expands;
While he is sure the prize to lose
Who sits with folded hands.

THE EMPTY PEW

A Tribute to the Late Judge James R. Newhall

Across the aisle from me a pew
In church is now unoccupied,
Because a man, whose worth all knew,
Has passed out on life's highest tide.

'Mid winter's snows and summer's heat,
Through many years he sought the way,
With joy, to his accustomed seat,
To join in song, to kneel and pray.

Though rich in knowledge of his own,
Taken from learning's deepest mine,
No better listener e'er was known,
When preachers spoke of things divine.

He blew no trumpet to proclaim
The goodness with which he was blest,

But led a life devoid of blame,
And trusted heaven for all the rest.

Strong in the faith that he was right —
A churchman true through lengthened days —
He would not say heaven shed no light
On other men in different ways.

His kindly spirit fanned no flame
To burn a brother's cherished creed,
Though of a widely different name,
If it supplied that brother's need.

He would not wish that we rehearse
His charities, not e'en in part;
Yet we must own that with his purse
He gave the fullness of his heart.

Long will his many virtues shine,
A beacon light for each and all;
The Church will 'round his memory twine
A wreath whose leaves shall never fall.

IF YOU SHOULD CHANCE TO PASS MY WAY

If, as you journey onward day by day,
You by the world are pushed and tossed about,
Drop in, if you should chance to pass my way,
For you the latch-string still is hanging out.

If, as you look into your heart, you find
A grief you have no power to remove,
Drop in, when passing, if you feel inclined,
We may a blessing to each other prove.

If you, perchance, should happen to recall
The days now passed when life seemed full and
sweet,

And you are passing, do not fear to call —
It might be well for us again to meet.

If you should find that new friends are less true
Than some you had in happy days of yore,
Drop in; forgiveness will I have for you,
And your forgiveness, too, will I implore.

THE REAL FRIEND

I cannot deem him quite a friend,
Whate'er his title, age or name,
Who flatteringly would extend
The praise I cannot justly claim.

Nor yet a friend in him I find,
Whate'er his wealth or race or state,
Who, somehow, always is inclined
My work to underestimate.

But, better far than both of these,
My friend is he, both day and night,
Who, if his judgments hurt or please,
Wants but to judge of me aright.

NOT IN VAIN

Who plants a tree, that sun and rain
May shape it to enrich the mind,
Most surely has not lived in vain,
But done a service to mankind.

Who plants a flower where grew a weed,
Through summer's sun and autumn's blast,
Has taught mankind the blessed creed —
All ill must yield to good at last.

Who sings a song that mortals need,
To make their wayward wand'rings less,

Has lent his powers to do a deed
That angels will rejoice to bless.

Who breathes a prayer that helps some heart
Its chain of sin to well undo,
Has surely played in life a part
He never will have cause to rue.

Who digs a well where trav'lers' feet
May pause and rest, while lips drink deep,
Has wrought for man a service sweet,
Of which the angels record keep.

And who, from love within, is led
To lighten some soul's grief or pain,
Has with the bread of heaven been fed,
And so he has not lived in vain.

THE TOWN OF DESPAIR

If you start on a journey for pleasure or rest,
And map out your course, whether east, south or
west,
You will pass many towns, many cities as well,
Where you'll think it a pleasure for mortals to
dwell;
Because, in them joy and contentment abide,
And you'll find it quite safe for you through
them to ride.
But of one place I warn you, of which, oh, be-
ware!
And that is the horrible town of Despair.

Most cities and towns have their tall, stately
trees,
And over their tops birds sing songs in the
breeze;
While high above these the tall church steeples
rise,

Their bright shining spires pointing up to the
skies.

All places like these it is safe to pass thro',
For they are extremely delightful to view;
But, howe'er you journey, I warn you, take care
To shun, at all hazards, the town of Despair.

In most of the towns that you pass thro' at night,
The lights in the houses shine out clear and
bright;

The sound of sweet music will fall on your ear,
The people who greet you contented appear.

The perfume of flowers will follow your way,
And the children you see will be glad in their
play;

But none of these charms will you find anywhere
In the horrible, horrible town of Despair.

From the town of Despair no mountains are seen
With stream-watered vales resting calmly be-
tween,

No lovers e'er walk thro' its groves hand in hand,
While their cheeks with the glow of the morning
are fanned.

And, in that strange town with the horrible
name,

The daytime and nighttime are one and the
same;

No evening is joyous, no morning is fair,
In the horrible, horrible town of Despair.

THE TOWN OF CONTENT

O how few of the thousands who travel by rail,
Or are borne o'er the seas by the strength of the
gale,

And how few of the millions who on walking
are bent

Ever safely arrived at the Town of Content.

Not a man who has wealth, and is craving for
more,
Has e'er passed one short day at its beautiful
door;
Who has little acquired, not content with his
share,
Since the days of old Adam, has ever stopped
there.

Not a man whose poor soul with ambition is filled
Has the town on his head its sweet odors dis-
tilled;
Not a soul who has fame, and not satisfied quite,
In the Town of Content has e'er slept over night.

Many journey o'er deserts and valleys for years,
Through the various countries of both hemis-
pheres,
But, alas! when both money and strength have
been spent
They find they are far from the Town of Content.

Far beyond the tall Alps with their cold caps of
snow,
And in lands where warm zephyrs unceasingly
blow,
For the road through its gates men have looked
up and down,
And have died just in sight of the spires of the
town.

So to you, who are seeking the town, let me say,
Through its long-looked-for streets you may not
tread today;
If you ever should find it, nearby or afar,
You will find it is located — just where you are.

EARTH'S TRUE WORKINGMEN

Hurrah, for labor's loyal sons! Hurrah, for those who toil! —

Who search the rolling planets out, or cultivate the soil;

For those who dig ore from the mines, and those who drop the seed;

For all who labor day or night, are working men indeed.

Hurrah, for those who love to work! It is by toil alone

Long lines of railroads have been built and cities great have grown;

The man who will no labor do, but seeks his part to shirk,

Denies the great eternal truth, that all success means work.

And so, for every one who toils, if he be weak or strong,

Give forth a shout of triumph, and sing a cheering song;

Hurrah, for those who count the stars and those who hold the plow,

For every one who does his part stamps honor on his brow.

Hurrah, for those who drag the trees down from the mountain's side,

And those who in the counting room with labor are supplied;

Whoever works, and does it well, is moulded on a plan

That stamps him, be he rich or poor, a real true workingman.

So, to the toiling millions, our hats today we raise,
For all who work as best they can are worthy of
our praise;
Hurrah for mankind! — everywhere — who toil
with pick or pen,
For those who serve the world the best are earth's
true workingmen.

NOT TRUE

Have heard it said so many times I quite believed
it true,
A woman of Chicago birth wears a tremendous
shoe;
And, though I do not wish to say the ones that
said so lied,
The statement, from what I have seen, needs to
be qualified.

The maid that served my morning meal was in
Chicago born,
Her neck was white as drifting snow, her cheeks
fresh as the morn;
Her hair was beautiful indeed, her eyes a heaven-
ly blue,
And, if I am a judge of size, her shoe was num-
ber two.

The chambermaid who makes my bed, on which
I sleep and dream,
A sculptor's model well might serve, or form a
poet's theme;
And, as I passed her on the stair, she gave a
glance at me, —
Then I in modesty looked down, and found she
wore a three.

The maid, who the piano played the other night,
till ten,

Had feet that well might win the praise of even
eastern men ;
For, as upon the pedals bright we saw them rise
and fall,
We marked them with a critic's eye, and vowed
that they were small.

The one who sent the telegram for me from the
hotel,
Looked sweet as any violet that blooms in field or
dell ;
And, though perhaps her shapely form was just
a little tall,
Her feet would make an empress frown, or credit
do a doll.

So, though perhaps this theme may not so many
folks delight,
To so abuse Chicago girls is not exactly right ;
And, though I do not wish to say men who have
done so, lied,
The statement, from what I have seen, needs to
be qualified.

THE RICH

I count him rich whose wealth consists
In helping those who need his care ;
Who scatters from some eye the mists
That birth and teaching have placed there.

I count him rich who gives his purse
To build a home to shield the head
Of those on whom there seems a curse,
When they no more can earn their bread.

I count him rich who lives so well
That others, seeing him upright,
Though they in goodness ne'er excel,
Nor quite forsake the path of right.

I count her rich who, standing firm,
Assists some sister fallen low,
And plants within her heart a germ
That shall to deeds most noble grow.

And she is rich who, round her home,
Uprears a moral paradise,
From which her children never roam
Into the ways of sin and vice.

I count her rich who from some heart
Plucks a sharp thorn long buried there;
For heaven to such will joy impart
That naught on earth can e'er impair.

I count him rich who shares his crust
With beggars, should they need it most;
In this is wealth, that time nor rust
To tarnish, e'er can make their boast.

A BATTLE

Today will be fought a great battle;
And when it will end is unknown;
But' twill last until one of two forces
Be routed or quite overthrown.

About it the world cares but little —
No thundering cannon will roll;
Yet, on the result of the conflict,
There hinges the fate of a soul.

This is not a conflict of nations,
Uprising the world to unrest;
Nor contest that's waged between persons,
But forces that rage in my breast.

The powers are now in full action —
The forces of goodness and sin,

And I cannot tell till it's over,
Which side will the victory win.

About it the world cares but little —
No thundering cannon will roll;
Yet, on the result of the struggle
There hinges the fate of my soul.

QUICK AND SLOW

Be quick to do a kindly deed
To some one in distress;
Some hungry orphan child to feed,
Who will your service bless;
But, if you think to do a wrong
To any one you know,
Tho' they be either weak or strong,
Then be not quick — but slow.

Be quick to speak a cheering word,
Whatever else you do,
In order that some heart be stirred
The right course to pursue;
But, if you think a word unkind
On some one to bestow,
Before you quite make up your mind,
Be not too quick — but slow.

Be quick the door to open wide
That enters to your heart,
That noble thoughts with you may 'bide
And nevermore depart;
But, if you think to ope the door
To things debased and low,
'Twere best to think the matter o'er,
And not be quick — but slow.

WITH GLASSES ON THEIR EYES

O dear, how much the girls have changed — the
ones I used to know!

Pauline, who was so fleet of foot, now walks so
very slow;

While Catherine and Josephine stare at me with
surprise,

Whene'er I meet them on the street with glasses
on their eyes.

Belinda Grey, who was so fair, and walked with
so much grace,

Instead of roses on her cheeks, has deep lines in
her face;

And tho' Belinda, with a pout, the hand of time
defies,

Whene'er she means to read or write, puts glass-
es on her eyes.

Amanda Wood, whose roguish eyes the boys
would all amuse,

Instead of wearing long, slim boots, now dons
wide, easy shoes;

And, tho' Amanda's wealth of hair to curl still
nobly tries,

How she has changed, since now she wears those
glasses on her eyes!

The Merritt girl, whose eyes were bright as are
the stars at night,

Who used to make my young heart beat with
pain — and then delight,

Whene'er we met, if it were fair, or leaden were
the skies,

She seemed to look so cold and strange — with
glasses on her eyes.

But, as the weeks and years go by, changes to
all must come;
And lips that once were warm with life, today
are cold and dumb.
But it is sweet to know that still we've hearts to
highly prize,
The few who still are left to us with glasses on
their eyes.

THE SPENDTHRIFT

Why should I scheme and scrimp and save?
I'll spend my dollars as I please.
I do not care to drudge and slave
That some one else may take his ease.

I've no desire to delve and toil,
Till time with me at last shall end,
In mart or shop, on sea or soil,
That those who follow me may spend.

I would not mar my life's brief round
With sighs and tears, with fears and cares;
Let me, instead, with those be found
Who well enjoy whatever's theirs.

I crave no stone, sky-crowned, to mark
The spot where I at last must sleep;
It would not make my grave less dark —
O'er me unasked the flowers will creep.

Ne'er have it said of me, when dead,
"The gold he left a vault would fill;"
Of me I crave that this be said:
"There'll be no contest o'er his will!"

THEY CANNOT ROB US OF THE PAST

Though cruel hands may strive to blight
The fruit we hoped the years would bring,
They never can destroy outright
The sweets that 'round the blossoms cling.

If lips shall strive by unkind words
To make our future incomplete,
They have not power to kill the birds
That in our hearts have sung so sweet.

Though unkind feet may turn aside
Within our path sharp thorns to lay,
They lack the power from us to hide
The flowers we gathered by the way.

If faces, shadowed o'er with hate,
To flood our course with fear have planned,
They cannot close the happy gate
Through which we have passed, hand in hand

Though strength of foes may hope to build
High walls to part our future ways,
They cannot fence the bliss that filled
Our souls through many yesterdays.

If cruel hands attempt to blight
The fruit we hoped the years would bring,
They never can destroy outright
The sweets that 'round the blossoms cling.

So though they may our way pursue
And seek our highest hopes to blast,
One thing they have not power to do, —
They cannot rob us of the past.

TO A POET

Too much of heaven makes up thy rhyme,
Too many angels with bright wings,
Too much of some far future time,
And not enough of worldly things.

You dwell so on the future state,
Depicting everlasting bliss,
There is no space left to relate
The duties which belong to this.

It is not well to blind our eyes,
And ne'er into the future peer;
And yet, our first great duty lies
In things pertaining to this sphere.

To teach that, when this mortal dies,
Above we shall be freely fed,
Feeds not the body when it cries
And fights and battles after bread.

To sing that in that bless'd abode
Each head shall wear a golden crown,
Lifts not the burden of that load
Which weighs the starving millions down.

You chant that, on that blissful shore
Our tears shall all be wiped away;
Yet we behold a torrent pour
Adown the mourner's cheek each day.

It is not well to blind our eyes,
And ne'er into the future peer;
And yet our first great duty lies,
In things pertaining to this sphere.

Rise, poet, with a heart and mind
With brighter aspirations rife;
Retune thy harp, and teach mankind
First how to rightly live *this* life.

IF BUT THE HEART BE RIGHT

Why should we crave to know a man's belief,
Or thro' what window he receives his light?
No act of his need cause another grief,
If he, at heart, be only in the right.

Why need we question him about his creed?
He from the path of right will not depart,
Nor will he pass a brother by in need,
Providing he is only right at heart.

What if he stands, or on his knees shall fall,
When he shall pray, at morning or at night?
What matter if he does not pray at all?
There were no need, if but his heart be right.

What if the church-door he ne'er enters in —
Of this great world a church is only part,
And, in a man, there can be little sin
If he be only wholly right at heart.

WE CHARGE IT UP TO FATE

We know the way our feet should go,
For we the guide-boards oft have read,
And yet our footprints often show
We tread another path instead.

We know the sure, safe road is straight,
And yet we oft have a desire
To enter some forbidden gate,
Where end our footsteps in the mire.

And when the mire becomes too deep,
If it be early or yet late,
Childlike, we then begin to weep,
And straightway charge it up to fate.

OUT OF THE WAY

"Get out of my way!" said the woodchuck black,
To the tiny bug just crossing his track:
"You are so little, I've just time to say,
I'm in a hurry. Get out of my way!"

"Get out of my way!" the mighty bear said,
As he rolled his great eyes and shook his head
At the little cub in his path that lay,
"I'm in a hurry. Get out of my way!"

"Get out of my way!" the elephant spoke,
As he leered at the ox bearing his yoke:
"I am much bigger than you, any day;
I'm in a hurry. Get out of my way!"

"Get out of my way!" said the big schoolboy
To the smaller one, with his penny toy;
"With you, little fellow, I cannot play;
I'm in a hurry. Get out of my way!"

"Get out of my way!" said the big strong man,
To the boy made up on a puny plan;
"I've money to earn and a part to play;
I'm in a hurry. Get out of my way!"

"Get out of my way!" said the man of wealth
To the one who had neither cash nor health;
"Perhaps you are worthy; but sir, today
I'm in a hurry. Get out of my way!"

"Get out of my way!" said the millionaire,
"For those poorer than I why should I care?
The weak I jostle — the feeble slay;
I'm in a hurry. Get out of my way!"

So says this great world, to one and to all,
"Get out of my way, because you are small!"
And woe to the weak who do not obey
When the strong cry out, "Get out of my way!"

THE MAN AND THE POET

A man, these snowy, wintry days,
Up to the hills directs his gaze;
He sees the snowdrifts and the ice
Holding them there as in a vise.
He does not pause to look below,
His thoughts no deeper channels know;
And this, tho' argue as you please,
Is all the common mortal sees.

The poet looks 'neath ice and snow;
His thoughts to deeper stratas go;
Tho' he be old, his heart is young,
For flowers he sees the grass among.
From snow-bound hills he hears the rill,
While birds with songs the heavens fill;
Heart tuned with nature's so complete,
His pulses feel the spring time's beat.

OUR WORLD

This world so very far extends,
Some say that it is vast and great;
And yet our world begins and ends
Not far beyond our garden gate.

Some say this world has wealth untold,
Enough, and more, for all who need;
Yet, let a friend his hand withhold,
And our small world is poor indeed.

Some say this world is filled with light,
And sun and warmth our lives to cheer;
And yet a frown our world will blight
And render it both dark and drear.

Earth's millions we oft speak about,
That dwell from farthest east to west;
But take — say one or two souls out,
And what to us are all the rest?

ON YOUR WAY HOME

On your way home, if you should overtake
Some one whose load is crushing him to earth,
And, of his burden, part your own you make,
The stars at night will sing to heaven your
worth.

On your way home, if you should chance to meet
Some one whose grief is more than he can
bear,
Your rest at night will be both sound and sweet,
If in his ears you pour a hopeful prayer.

If, on your way to that home we are taught
Rests somewhere far beyond time's feverish
tide,
Life you have given to lofty deed and thought,
Its doors will at your coming open wide.

NOT ON THE MAP

What map of the world ever drafted by man,
It has been your good fortune to thoughtfully
scan,
With the sight you possessed could you dimly
discern
E'en the bounds of that country for which we all
yearn?

You may put on your glasses to strengthen your
sight,
And search all day long, and far into the night,
But I doubt if you ever can truly locate
That country, so longed for by little and great.

All over the earth, men have sought it afar,
Over mountains and plains, and where low val-
leys are;

Over seas they have sailed, even anchor have
cast,
But over its boundaries none ever have passed.

Its borders to cross men have offered their gold,
But their chariot wheels thro' its gates never
rolled;
And no map was e'er drawn that could serve as
a guide
To that realm where each wish of the heart's
gratified.

BEYOND THE PEACEFUL STARS

There is no day, however bright,
But what some cloud its brightness mars,
But there's a world of fadeless light,
Beyond the peaceful stars.

There is no song, however sweet,
But some false note its concord jars;
But harmony is there complete,
Beyond the peaceful stars.

Here is no life, as time has proved,
On which sin hath not left its scars;
All signs of wounds will be removed,
Beyond the peaceful stars.

Here none can love with perfect love,
Something from this the soul debars;
But this will not be so above —
Beyond the peaceful stars.

THE OTHER ONE

When a man in the place that he sought for is
seated
And the banner he bore to the masthead is
nailed,
When the things he has done are cheered and
repeated,
Who thinks of the fellow who battled but
failed?

When a man who has struggled and fought and
endeavored,
And the line of success in triumph has crossed,
When the last link that bound him to want has
been severed
Who thinks of the fellow who struggled but
lost?

When a boy bounds ahead, in whom we discover
Those well-balanced powers that always must
win,
Who thinks of the lost one who nursed from his
mother
When a child at her breast all the currents of
sin?

SUCCESS

Think not to girdle great success
Within the span of one short year;
The hopes of life were rendered less,
Did it not cost us thrice more dear.

'Tis won alone by ceaseless toil
Of head and heart, of hands and feet;
In hours of calm, mid great turmoil,
At home, abroad, in mart and street.

This lends our fragile bodies strength,
Rounds out the sinews of the brain
To such majestic girt and length,
That oppositions swell our gain.

Some have its lower juttings gained,
Who fraternized, at times, with ease ;
But who its highest peaks attained,
Had aching heads and chafèd knees.

Many aspire to something great,
But having little strength of will,
Soon fall behind — how sad to state —
Because the course is part up hill.

Victories achieved without a blow
Had served us less if nobly lost,
Since all we have, or are, or know,
Is valued chiefly for their cost.

Success means not — nay, seeker, hold ! —
Great millions to bequeath to heirs,
But every hour we live to mould
The world anew, by love and prayers.

Should e'er you make it yours, my friend,
'Twill be because you paid the price —
For which it ever doth contend —
A noble life, devoid of vice.

WHY SHOULD YOU CARE?

Why should you care if little ones are crying
For bread to eat about you here and there ?
Why should you care if older ones are dying
For lack of nursing? Yes, why should you
care?

Why should you care if hands with toil are ach-
ing,
And many a brow is darkened with despair?

Why should you care if hearts with grief are
breaking,
What matters it to you? Why should you
care?

Why should you care if voices loud are calling
To have removed from out their path some
snare

In which, since they are weak, they e'er are fall-
ing?

Why should you hear their cries? Why should
you care?

Why should you care if life seems growing
cheaper,

And seeds of vice and wrong are everywhere?
Why should you care? Are you your brother's
keeper?

You surely are! That is why you should care.

A LAUGH FOR A LAUGH

Read at the meeting of the Lynn Assembly,
Wednesday evening, Jan. 26, 1890.

Do not go through the world with a frown on
your face,

As tho' your existence were only a bane;
There are blessings for each and for all to em-
brace

Then laugh, and the great world will laugh
back again.

Tho' 'tis proper at times to be grave and sedate,
To be merry at others is equally plain;
And the way, my good friend, to be happy and
great —

Is to laugh, and the great world will laugh
back again.

A good hearty laugh has been known to cure
ills

Which mocked all attempts of the herbs of
the field ;

And others, which even a learned doctor's pills
With all of their power, have failed to make
yield.

The brook which flows down o'er the huge
mountain side

Rings out with gay laughter in sunshine and
rain,

And scatters its blessings to all, far and wide —
It laughs and the world echoes laughter again.

The sorrows and trouble which many possess.

They water each day with the dew of their
tears,

When the sunshine of joy, and its sweet cheer-
fulness

Would scatter the gloom of their doubtings
and fears.

The world is well filled with men wiser than I,

Yet many of them have this lesson to learn,

A laugh brings a laugh and a sigh brings a sigh,

Or, whichever we give, the world gives in re-
turn.

Then let us be merry and glad while we may,

Forgetting at trifles to snarl and complain,

Resolving anew to be cheerful alway

And to laugh, that the world may laugh back
again.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

Read on the last day of the Massachusetts
Senate, June 26, 1903

When cities feel the Summer Sun,
And people flee to cooling shores,
The great playhouses, one by one,
Turn down their seats, close up their doors.

So, 'neath the famous State House dome,
The stage is cleared of actors all —
Who now seek comforts of a home —
While silence fills the empty hall.

Our Stage in speech may preach and teach,
And much of lasting good instill;
But not a play success can reach
Unless it meet the People's will.

The people rule — we act for them;
'Tis they our services engage;
As they may praise us or condemn
So stands our record on the Stage.

For the last time the curtain falls;
Dim grow the lights — the play is o'er:
While we have had some few recalls;
We, too, have had our last encore.

When we began the house was filled;
At times attendance smaller grew;
Some audiences we have chilled,
But surely we have pleased a few.

Since we to do our best have tried,
Still striving well our part to play,
Some hope, no doubt, that cheers outside
May greet them on their homeward way.

A fascination rules this stage,
Yet it proceeds not from the heart;
Are we not far behind the age,
Since here fair woman has no part?

Few dramatists through all the years
Wrote plays for men alone, — in fact
Both sexes with their smiles and tears,
Shakespeare packed into every act.

When we look o'er our repertoire
Of plays produced, we call to mind,
We find them, as in years before,
Of almost every worth and kind.

Farce, Melodrama, had its day;
Then sterling plays the house would fill;
Tragedies, too, have held their sway,
Though interspersed with Vaudeville.

Next year new actors will appear, —
The public would see faces new, —
New voices they delight to hear,
And as they shine, new stars pursue.

Yet some of us may come again,
For actors old are oft returned,
If to the managers 'tis plain
The Public's favor they have earned.

So, close the doors — turn out the lights!
Dust settles on the empty chairs;
And now another stage invites
While months are needed for repairs.

Who'er the actors are next year
If they be fair or really great,
It is the wish of each one here
They add new glory to the State.

THE LEGISLATIVE CRAZY QUILT

Beneath the dome, with scarce a flaw,
Is where the members patch the law,
Which to a quilt one might compare,
Made of small pieces, square by square.
Each year it seems to larger grow,
For members to it pieces sew;
Each likes to say, with lordly air,
I added to the quilt one square;
And often struggles hard to prove,
One ugly square he helped remove.
Their ideas may be called the thread
The needles speeches penned and read.
With these they toil the session thro'
Take out some old and add some new,
And if the whole is not improved,
By what is added or removed,
They can assure their fellow men
The quilt's no crazier than it's been.
None even understood it quite,
So how could we such mysteries right?
And so they darn and patch and sew,
Until the long months outward flow.
Not till, in June, their collars wilt,
Do they stop tinkering the quilt.
When growing weary of the toil,
Each man returns to shop or soil.
But tho' exhausted and forlorn,
They go not till their pay they've drawn.
And next year far o'er hill and plain,
New members will be sent again
Beneath this dome of polished gilt,
To patch anew the crazy quilt.

POOR MATHEMATICS

'Tis an enlightened age I own,
And who to question it would choose?
And yet how often may be shown
That we our knowledge much abuse.

But are we wise, or only mad,
When we do what so harms and kills —
When we life's joys together add,
Then coolly multiply our ills?

HE OWED HIMSELF

The other day when Moneybags closed his career
on earth
And people down in Nottoofast rehearsed what
he was worth,
One of the town's philosophers, in figuring up his
pelf,
Declared that he died much in debt, and even
owed himself.

The day he could not see increase his store of
shining gold
His temper would become disturbed, then he
would snarl and scold;
And since, o'er many trivial things, he would be-
wail and fret,
Unto his temper when he died he greatly was in
debt.

The things that so delight the eye, the seashore,
dale and hill,
That they the storehouse of the mind with high-
est pleasures fill,
He never could get time to view, and so of course
we find
Old Moneybags was much in debt — to both his
eyes and mind.

The kindly deeds that men perform, to help their
 hearts beat true,
Old Moneybags had not the time the smallest
 one to do ;
And so when he, the other day, was called from
 earth to part,
No one in Notttoofast could tell how much he
 owed his heart.

But our philosopher declares he knew the man
 right well,
And that, full justice may be done, is not ashamed
 to tell,
That from the manner that he lived, when other
 men would feast,
He owed his stomach, just in meat, a flock of
 sheep at least.

The moral of my rhyme is this, make not yourself
 a slave,
And heap up wealth for other folks to fight for
 o'er your grave ;
And, if things turn to shining gold, at your ingenious
 touch,
Be sure you do not, when you die, owe your own
 self too much.

WHEN YOU ARE DOWN

When you are down, it seems so far
 From where you are to where you were —
As far as earth is from a star ; —
 To try to rise you long demur,
 When you are down.

When you are down, the arching skies
 As black as midnight clouds appear,
And naught within the power supplies
 To rid you of your dread and fear —
 When you are down.

When you are down, how strangely cold
Become the friends whom once you knew ;
From you their skirts in scorn they hold,
And only coldly look on you
When you are down.

When you are down, O wretched state,
To be beneath the world's cold ban !
What nameless pangs of heart await
The lot of woman, or of man,
When they are down.

When you are down, ah ! happy ye,
If but some friend of days gone by
Your outstretched hand shall kindly see,
And but the needed aid supply,
When you are down.

CHASING A DOLLAR

Chasing a dollar both up hill and down ;
Chasing a dollar the length of the town ;
Chasing a dollar thro' mud and thro' mire ;
Chasing a dollar thro' water and fire ;
Chasing a dollar if weary or not ;
Chasing a dollar thro' no matter what ;
Chasing a dollar o'er valley and steep ;
Chasing a dollar awake or asleep.

Chasing a dollar at noon and at night ;
Chasing a dollar in darkness and light ;
Chasing a dollar in sunshine and rain ;
Chasing a dollar in sickness and pain ;
Chasing a dollar thro' alley and street ;
Chasing a dollar in cold and in heat ;
Chasing a dollar you never will spend ;
Chasing a dollar e'en down to life's end.

Chasing a dollar thro' workshop and mart ;
Chasing a dollar with mind and with heart ;

Chasing a dollar in fact'ry and mill ;
Chasing a dollar with hammer and drill ;
Chasing a dollar with pencil and pen ;
Chasing a dollar where'er there are men ;
Chasing o'er mountains, thro' rivers and mines,
E'en down the path where no sun ever shines.

Chasing a dollar to build up a name ;
Chasing a dollar for glory and fame ;
Chasing a dollar when wearied and tired ;
Chasing a dollar — the one thing desired ;
Chasing a dollar where one can be found,
High on the hills or deep into the ground.
Chasing a dollar, oh ! poor wretched slave —
Chasing a dollar, yes, down to the grave.

A WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR

We bid you a welcome, with both hands extend-
ed,
With peal of the bells and the bugle's loud
blast,
And wish that your reign be both peaceful and
splendid,
And that we may love you, as now, till the
last !

We bring you a welcome with songs and with
dances,
And strew with good wishes your incoming
way,
And greatly desire, as your journey advances,
To find you as true as we think you today.

What deep-hidden secrets your months are con-
taining,
We only can wonder, we never can guess ;
With joy in the present, though grief be remain-
ing,
Our tender regards ne'er shall grow any less.

We give you the welcome that's due to a stranger,
And pray, as the skein of your being untwines,
The threads may not snarl or too greatly en-
danger

The joy of our hearts or the peace of our
minds.

Then come, bright New Year, with your smile
and your jingle,

With pomp and with splendor denoting your
rank,

And, if, with our pleasure, grief's cup you must
mingle,

Oh, make it less bitter than some that we drank!

TO CROWN THE YEARS

(With Flowers ; to Mrs. Judge Newhall of Lynn,
on Her Eighty-Second Birthday.)

This little bunch of April flowers

I send to you their part to play

Within the circle of the hours

Of this, your glad birthday.

And as their petals you shall view,

Made beautiful by sun and shade,

Forget that you are eighty-two,

And be again a maid —

A maid with roses in your hair ;

Standing your mother's door beside —

A heart devoid of every care,

And life as yet untried.

Nay, stop ; my pen has gone astray,

For, if it robs you of the years,

It takes life's priceless joys away,

Just as it does its tears.

Since none a memory sweet would drown,
And any change the years would mar,
Take from my hands these flowers to crown
The years just as they are.

WHERE HIS GIFTS WILL GO

Some quite large folks have talked so loud their
words have reached my ear,
They say that I, old Santa Claus, will not be
round this year;
But, little folks, let not their fears your hopeful
natures fret,
Because the children, come what may, I never
can forget.

What if the times have been quite hard, they have
not hardened me,
The Lord has still allowed to grow for me my
Christmas tree;
And even now, while I am forced to hear what
big folks say,
I with my gifts for little folks am loading up my
sleigh.

My smile is as it ever was, my cheeks are full as
red,
My eyes are just as eager now to find each little
bed;
I still adown the chimney tall as noiselessly can
creep,
And fill the children's stockings full, while they
are fast asleep.

My stock of gifts for little girls was never more
complete,
The curls around each fair doll's face were never
half as sweet;
And never since the world began were there as
many toys

With which to gladden, through the year, the
hearts of little boys.

So, little ones, since the big folks have filled
their minds with doubt,
And, from their hearts, where once I dwelt, have
shut Old Santa out,
And since your souls are filled with hope, and you
to me are true,
I will be round on Christmas Eve and bring my
gifts to you.

THE SAND GARDEN

A portion of the Public Garden in the city of
Boston is set apart for the exclusive use of small
children, and is known as the Sand Garden.

This is the children's kingdom here,
Where happiness ne'er fails;
They in their garments cool appear,
With carts and spades and pails.

With every trouble left behind,
They run and laugh and sing,
Play leapfrog, if they feel inclined,
And then enjoy a swing.

With little shovels caves they dig,
Then mountains cause to rise,
Until to them they seem as big
As those that touch the skies.

Then with the very greatest care,
Yet seemingly with ease,
They people them with beings rare,
And flowers and plants and trees.

Long lines of thread they use as wire,
From tree to tree to lay,

Which, whensoever they desire,
Their messages convey.

Unlike the rest of humankind,
Naught e'er their planning mars:
Even with sticks the way they find
To make a train of cars.

Cities that men take years to build,
They in a moment rear;
And, when they with the wish are filled,
They make them disappear.

Tho' the great world has its delights,
Of which they never dream,
Secure in all their natural rights,
Their reign here is supreme.

And so the gladsome hours go by,
And naught their joy impairs;
Ah, reader, would that you and I
Could make our world as theirs!

HAS NO INTERPRETER

Between a low mount and a hill,
Where birchings sway and alders bend,
And flowers their nameless sweets distil,
I went one day to meet a friend.

The joyous birds with voices sweet,
Poured forth their carols o'er my head;
While, for the pleasure of my feet,
Nature's green tapestry was spread.

No other human soul was near;
We had arranged to meet alone,
In order that no one should hear,
Tho' high or low might be our tone.

At the appointed hour we met ;
His face was lighted by a smile,
And, even when the sun was set,
With him I lingered yet a while.

He told me things I never knew,
And secrets I had never heard,
That pierced my very being through,
So, that I answered not a word.

And, as my final leave I took,
Again to him I eager ran,
And thanked him as true friend — the Brook —
Then started home a wiser man.

Would you his secrets learn, and own,
To act upon you as a spur,
Some day go meet him — but alone —
My friend has no interpreter.

A DIFFERENT TENEMENT

Though rich or poor a man may be,
His eyes are looking longingly
For some new home to own or rent —
Another different tenement.

The one he occupies today
Does not quite suit him every way ;
The site is poor, too big the hall,
The cellar damp, the bedrooms small.

The neighborhood is running down,
Which makes his wife at times to frown ;
And somehow things are not the same,
Since this one went or that one came.

Good neighbor, I appeal to you —
Is not this rhyme, though simple, true ?

Are not your heart and mind intent
Upon a different tenement?

For rich or poor, though he may be,
A man is looking constantly
For a new home to own or rent —
He wants a different tenement.

He buys or builds; and, in a year
Faults, very many faults, appear,
To mar his peace or wound his pride,
And he is still dissatisfied.

And so the years roll on and out;
Dissatisfied he moves about,
Till with life's hopes and vigor spent,
He's borne to earth's last tenement.

But which, as seen by Faith's clear eye,
Is but the gateway to the sky,
Where weary pilgrims, worn and bent,
Pass to a faultless tenement.

THE STRANGE COMPANION

No human being e'er can be alone,
Whether we walk or in a carriage ride,
Where'er we are, beneath whatever zone,
There is a strange companion by our side.

When we start out, if humble we, or great,
To join a friend or gay society,
He waits as one who waits beside the gate,
That he may go and bear us company.

In youth we look upon him as a foe,
Against whom we our loved ones must defend,
But when in age the heart is wrung with woe,
Men clasp him to their breasts, and call him
friend.

No human eye, however keen or bright,
Has ever seen the outlines of his form ;
Yet he is near us all, both day and night,
However deep the calm, or wild the storm.

No human hand has ever touched his palm ;
No human cheek has ever felt the breath
Of him who bears a scythe upon his arm, —
This strange companion, whom mankind calls
Death.

OUR LOCAL SAGE

There is a man in Nottoofast
Whom folks call out of tune,
Since through the town he oft has passed
With arctics on in June.
And often in the winter drear,
When winds are cold and raw,
He will upon the streets appear
In an old hat of straw.

At noonday, when most people eat
With relish and delight,
For any kind of fish or meat
He has no appetite ;
But when the food is put away,
And dishes, too, with care,
"I am," you oft will hear him say,
"As hungry as a bear."

At night, when most of folks retire
To get their needed sleep,
He seems possessed with a desire
Awake awhile to keep ;
But mornings, when 'tis time to rise,
The day's task to pursue,
His folks would have a great surprise
If he should get up, too.

Oft when the atmosphere is moist
And clouds sweep o'er the plain,
And people their umbrellas hoist
To shield them from the rain,
Without one he his way pursues
And seems to fear no harm;
But when the sun his power renews
He has one 'neath his arm.

When the majority of folks
Think this or that should be,
With you, no matter how you coax,
He will not then agree.
So much in self he does confide,
He wants a thing begun
When you are quite well satisfied
That nothing could be done.

This man, whose name I will withhold,
Nor e'en hint at his age,
Can neither be bribed, bought nor sold,
For he's our local sage;
And though he oft stands all alone,
And in it takes delight,
Oft-times the people have to own
That he alone was right.

PRESENTATION VERSES

The little heiress that entered the household of Senator Michael J. Sullivan, on May 1st, has been honored as no other Massachusetts baby, a baby-carriage having been presented to her, through her father, by the Massachusetts Senate, May 13th, 1903. — *Boston Post*.

We gather here, this happy day,
To show regard for one we like,
For, on the first fair morn of May,
An angel came to bless you, Mike.

We wish the child and mother joy,
With radiant skies to cheer life's way;
And though you may have wished a boy,
Men cannot always have their say.

As Mayflower she is fair and sweet;
Too mild of temper yet to strike,
With tiny hands and chubby feet;
And just the image of you, Mike.

To take a little look ahead —
A father's life finds much that charms; —
We think we hear your midnight tread
With sleepless baby in your arms.

Sometimes, perhaps, when mother's out,
Your voice will drown the baby's cry,
Singing, in dulcet tones, no doubt,
Your little darling's lullaby.

Yet warm congratulations, Mike!
Such blessings should upon you fall;
'Tis just what Teddy said he'd like,
And what he recommends to all.

No one feels richer than you, Mike;
Yours is an enviable lot;
More than the wealth of all Klondike,
You prize that precious little tot.

Each member of the Senate feels,
As she's too small to ride a bike,
A dainty carriage with four wheels
Would better suit your baby, Mike,

So Brackett, with purse deep and wide,
The purchase made, with little talk,
In order that your child might ride —
While you, behind it, have to walk.

Our dearest wish is, she may bless
Your home through all life's happy span,
And ne'er possess a virtue less
Than does her dad — Mike Sullivan.

CAPITAL AND LABOR

(Earth's Greatest Giants)

As twins are we, in power strong and great,
And to the other each a perfect mate;
So near we are in stature, form and size,
That if one falls the other cannot rise.
Born the same hour, and nurtured at one breast,
Each has in each a common interest;
If one does well, the other shares his gain;
If one is wronged, the other suffers pain;
When greed steps in and whispers words of
pride,
And seeks thereby our union to divide,
If we but listen to the siren's song,
We do ourselves thereby the greatest wrong,
While foes of happiness alone delight
In seeing us, earth's greatest giants fight.

The world is glad when we our hands unite;
Then hopes run high and every heart is light;
The farmer sows his seed with joyous feet,
Because he sees a market for his wheat;
The lab'ring man goes home at night to rest,
Happy the day his every want has blest;
The factory chimney, sending smoke on high,
The rich man's and the poor man's wants supply;
The furnace fires glow bright on every hand,
And roads of iron span the prosp'rous land;
The clerk, the student and the banker, too,
Each in their way their daily task pursue,
With looks and words that men can now afford,
For Wealth has shared with Labor its reward.

When we fall out how little can be done ;
When we combine what triumphs may be won ;
Each ton of coal, that's taken from the mine,
Requires that we our powers should combine ;
What art could build a bridge, when plans were
made,
Should Labor's arm refuse to lend its aid ?
Who could construct a fact'ry or a shoe,
If, from the compact Wealth the means with-
drew ?
The mightiest mill, the shortest peg in length,
Is the result of our united strength.
If Labor wants a home in which to dwell,
And digs a cellar, it becomes a well,
If Wealth from him should hold himself aloof,
Nor furnish means with which to lay the roof.
Yes, we are two, and yet so near alike,
To harm the one the other is to strike ;
Whoe'er does any wrong in either's name,
To that extent, the other does defame ;
To deal to Labor an unfriendly blow,
On Capital the wound will somewhere show ;
The blood that from the one doth trickle down,
Will but besmear, despoil, the other's gown.
Then if you turn, and look in either face,
You see reflected the two-fold disgrace ;
Then, since we both are one, and yet are two,
Let us for each our mission still pursue ;
On one broad platform still in friendship stand,
That peace may reign, and plenty fill the land !

THE FLAME FIGHTERS

I do not come, good friends, to sing of heroes
brave and bold,
Who, with their knightly armor on, fought well
in days of old ;
I do not seek with plaintive notes to fill your
list'ning ear,

Or, 'mong your heart-strings, touch one chord to
force from you a tear.
My humble muse will not attempt to cross the
border land
Where lovers sip the bliss of heaven as they walk
hand in hand ;
A diff'rent theme, but one as grand, my lyre's
best effort claims,
I sing in honor of the men who fight the fiendish
flames.

The man who draws his burnished steel, his
country's cause to save,
Should have in life a worthy place, in death an
honored grave ;
The man who at the helm stands when waves
like fiends disport,
And keeps the vessel on her course and brings
her safe to port,
Should have, as every one who does his duty as
it comes,
The praise that outlasts bugle shrieks, and beat
of martial drums ;
And since we know your honored craft to do its
duty aims,
We give the measure of our praise to you, who
fight the flames.

You little know when you go forth, at morning
or at night,
The strength and venom of the fiend that you are
called to fight.
He may be easy to subdue ; or, in his awful
breath,
May lurk the poison of a sting to lure you to
your death ;
But, since if he an infant be or in his fury great,
You do your duty, one and all, and leave the rest
to fate.

We write on arches wide as heaven the record of
the names
Of our brave, worthy sons who shriek defiance
at the flames.

HURRAH FOR THE BUILDERS OF LYNN

Hurrah for the men who have courage,
Not idly to wait, but to do;
Who tear down the useless and worthless,
And build in their places things new!
Alas, for the men who stand waiting!
A cheer for the men who begin!
We hail you as having a mission,
Ye framers and builders of Lynn!

We like well the man who's done planning,
And fully his plan understands;
Who has laid in his brain the foundations,
And now rears the walls with his hands.
The man who says wait, and stands doubting,
A victory never will win;
Hurrah for the men who are building
A grand and more beautiful Lynn!

Three cheers for the men of ambition,
Who cheap, wooden structures lay low,
In order that, when they have vanished,
Their places improvements may show,
Of brick and of stone and of iron,
With marble and beauty within —
Hurrah for the vanguard of Progress,
Hurrah for the builders of Lynn!

Hurrah for the men who have money;
The men who have brain and a heart,
Who struggle with brawn and with muscle
To do in the building their part!

Hurrah for the strong hands of labor
That carry a purpose within!
Hurrah for the thinkers and workers,
The builders and makers of Lynn!

THE BOUNDS ARE SET

Every man is the center of a circle whose fatal
circumference he cannot pass.

— *Hon. John James Ingalls.*

I do not toil and strive with hope of winning
More than a meager share;
I do it partly to keep free from sinning
And not quite to despair.

So many days I've labored, planned and striven,
That I am satisfied
To my weak hands it never will be given
To clasp things vast and wide.

With hope to spur me on, I have endeavored
Still active to be found,
And yet the ladder over me was severed
Just ere I reached the round.

What tho' the ocean chafe the shore and
worry —
And like chained monster fret!
And what tho' I may toil, and scheme and hurry!
Like it, my bounds are set.

BETTER THINGS

Better a name and life unstained;
Better be pure without, within,
Than, having wealth and titles gained,
Have souls defiled by guilt and sin.

Better a heart renewed by love ;
Better supply another's need,
And have the smile of Him above,
Than live but selfish aims to breed.

Better a prayer of simple speech,
Such as our God delights to hear,
Than with large words a sermon preach,
Arranged to please the human ear.

Better have one to know thy worth,
And love thee for that worth alone —
Than be the richest man on earth
And have no one to call thine own.

Better to live some heart to cheer ;
Better to die some soul to save,
Than have a mocking crowd draw near
To drop their tears upon thy grave,

Better to watch a bright sundown,
Than see it rise clear in the East ;
Better at last to wear a crown,
Than hold the best seat at earth's feast.

YOUNG HOPEFUL

You all know young Hopeful — he lives in your town —
Yet ne'er have you seen on his features a frown ;
No matter how many their cheerfulness lose,
He never is down with a case of the blues.

The world may look dark to the rest of mankind,
But naught can disturb his own sweet peace of mind ;
The sun may not shine out today in the east,
Still this does not ruffle young Hopeful the least.

When you are dejected, just loan him your ear,
And this is the message you always will hear:
"Tomorrow the sun thro' the heavens will ride,
And joy and contentment will walk by your
side."

"Cheer up!" is the watchword he brings you
each morn,
And pulls from your heart by his presence its
thorn;
And tells you, in words what you know well is
true,
"If you would be happy, just do as I do!"

"Look not every morn on the dark side of things;
Give the hopes that you cherish new songs and
new wings;
Every day count your fears, and then call them
one less;
And hopefulness soon will your whole life pos-
sess."

MY BRIDGE

Although my hands and arms are not o'er strong,
And lack the stamp of a skilled artisan,
I have been working patiently and long
Upon a bridge of doubtful length and span.

I cannot tell how long it will require
My bridge in all its sections to complete;
But since a glorious hope my hands inspire,
My labor each succeeding hour is sweet.

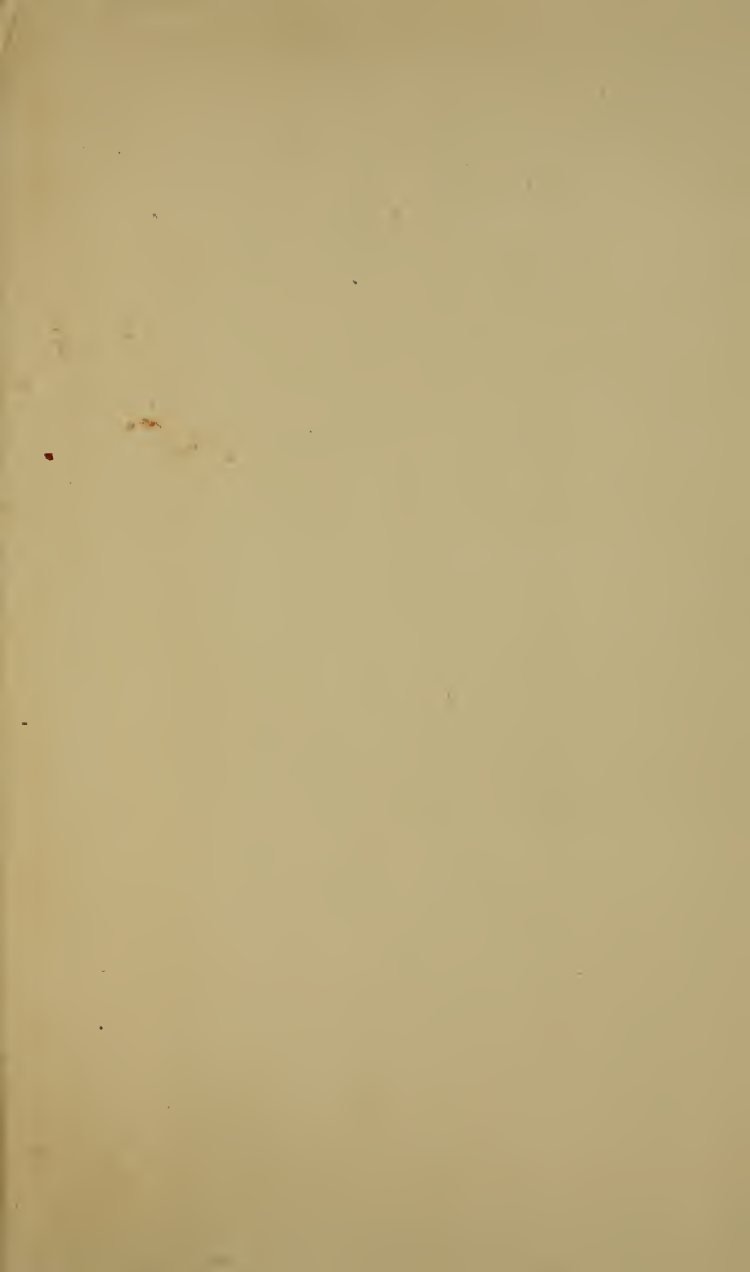
Sometimes I just a fleeting moment stand
To count the timbers, and across them run,
And then I feel my breast with pride expand,
Because each seems to me a victory won.

The stream it is to span some days seems bright,
And sunbeams dance upon its bosom clear;
Again the waters grow as black as night,
And often fill my soul with doubt and fear.

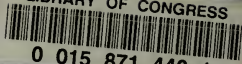
But then I turn mine eyes up to the sky,
And though upon me falls the dew and rain,
I all the faster saw and hammer ply,
And never stop to murmur or complain.

Often until the midnight hour late
To build my bridge I all my efforts bend,
Trusting, some day, that I can truly state —
Behold 'tis now complete from end to end.

And this my prayer: that, when my bridge is
done,
The structure will so good and perfect be
I may pass over it at set of sun,
To where a loved one stands and waits for me.



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